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HAD YOUR XMAS GIFT YET? *See Page 14.*

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 656. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

TO WOMEN.

You should send for particulars of a most beneficial form of insurance (at moderate rates) which provides for the payment of **£4 per week** (up to 52 weeks) in the event of accident or of being laid up with any of the many serious illnesses or diseases as specified in the prospectus, or, if permanently and totally disabled, **£50 a year for life!** These are but two of the many benefits provided for. Please ask for prospectus of "Women's Illness and Accident Policy."

Eagle, Star & British Dominions Insurance Co., Ltd. Head Office British Dominions House, Royal Exchange Ave., London, E.C.3. Assets exceed £15,000,000.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

DROP THE DUDS!

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS

X SOLD EVERYWHERE.

C OST LITTLE.

E XCELDA LABEL ON EVERY HANDKERCHIEF.

L IGHT AND DAINTY.

D EPENDABLE QUALITY.

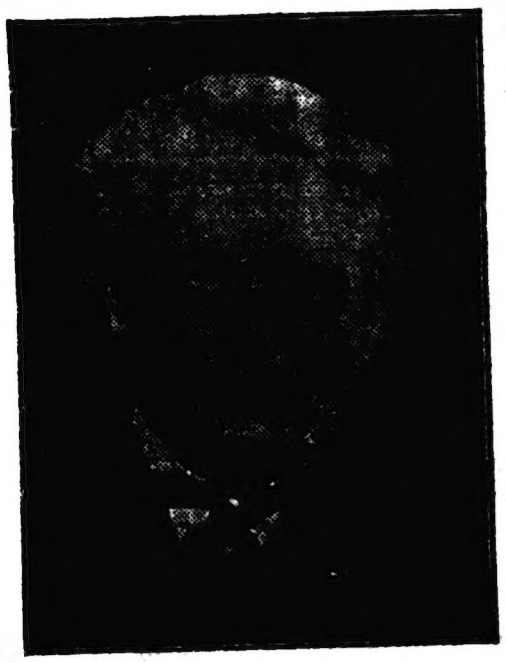
A SK FOR EXCELDA SOFT COLLARS, FRONTS, SHIRTS.

Ellis's Adv. Serv.

BRITAIN EXPECTS

EVERY SOLDIER TO USE HIS VOTE.

Voting papers from soldiers are in time if received at destination in Great Britain by Ten a.m. (except in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the Parliamentary Counties of Devon and Cornwall, in regard to which the hour is Twelve noon) December 28th, 1918.



Photo] [Vandyk.

LLOYD GEORGE PROGRAMME.

1. Punish the Kaiser.
2. No more Conscription.
3. Make Germany pay.
4. Get the Soldiers home as quickly as possible.
5. Fair treatment to the returned Soldiers and Sailors.
6. Better housing and better social conditions.

USE YOUR VOTE AGAINST

THE DEFEATIST

THE PACIFIST

AND

THE BOLSHEVIST

JOHN BULL

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 656. Week ending Saturday, December 28th, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

A Less Sad Christmas.

We think that is the way to put it. The time to be "merry" hasn't yet arrived. True, hostilities have ceased—but Peace hath her *perils* no less than war. We are watching very closely the course of events. For the moment, therefore, we can do no more than join with all our readers in joyous thanksgiving that the worst is over, and in the fervent hope that ere long the bells will be pealing forth the glad tidings of Peace on Earth and Goodwill towards all who are worthy of the name of Men.

What Is This?

According to a Dutch paper, when the ex-Kaiser reached Amerongen among the company present to receive him "was also Lady Susan Townley, wife of the English Ambassador." We await an official contradiction.

The Trench Vote.

We shall have much to say about the scandal of the Absent Voter when—or, rather, if—we get back to Parliament.

Alexandra Palace Huns.

Can it be true that the interned Huns at the Alexandra Palace are to have their friends at a Christmas Party on Boxing Day?

New Papers.

There is a veritable boom just now in the newspaper world; and it only wants JOHN BULL to become a daily to put the coping-stone on.

Dying "Dora."

This vixen is gradually dying. Some day perhaps we may publish some of her secret decrees to the Press. They will make you rub your eyes.

Waiting at the Door.

According to the Attorney-General, there are 20,000 aliens—of all nationalities—waiting in Holland to come over here after Peace. *Who is to be the new Home Secretary?*

A Test Question.

After we have got rid of the Enemy Aliens, the next thing will be to consider the position of the naturalised Huns, and one of the test questions must be—"In what country is your money invested?" See?

The Health Ministry.

When this new Department is set up its powers will have to be carefully watched. We cannot have an army of officials authorised to enter our homes at their own sweet will and examine our birth-marks.

Snakes!

Don't believe that tatoo story. It has been one of the leg-pullers of the war.

Posthumous Honours.

Isn't it about time that the absurd Regulation which limits posthumous military honours to the V.C. was abolished?

The New Lord Chief.

If Lord Reading decides to give up the Judicial Bench for political office, will "F. E." reverse the process? It's a tempting post.

Those Enemy Princes.

We observe from the official list of members of the House of Lords that the names of the Dukes of Albany and Cumberland are still there.

"Haig! Haig!!"

London took up our cry in real earnest. One of the first duties of the new Parliament will be to honour and reward this great Commander.

More Macbeth!

How's *this* for the Kaiser? "We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are, planted upon a pole, and underwrit—'Here may you see the tyrant.'"

A Mem. for Women.

Let every woman when going shopping ask, before making a purchase, "Do you guarantee the goods are not German-made?" *That* would do the trick.

Pay Their Fares.

We hear of many cases of war workers who, although getting leave at Christmas, will be unable to return home owing to the railway fare. Let them have passes. It will cost nothing.

The Enemy Alien.

When we talk of expelling these people from Britain we had better also think of the Colonies and India—especially India. We must not have any incipient sedition-mongers at large in the Empire.

A Self-Contradiction.

Thus the Rev. E. W. J. McConnel, of St. George's, Kendal, in his Parish Magazine: "We have learnt that our people everywhere are greater and better than we thought them. Do not take for granted all that Bottomley tells us." Is our reverend brother too fond of cider?

An Interesting Table—

What about a Comparative Death Rate table of German and British prisoners of war respectively?

And Another.

In the same way, it would be interesting and instructive to have a table showing the respective rates of wages paid to Prisoners of War in Britain and Germany. What a lot of questions we shall have to put down when we get back!

"Missing" Men.

We agree that every possible step should be taken by the Allies to trace British soldiers alleged to be "missing." In this way many a foul crime may be brought to light.

Enemy's War Trophies.

It should be one of the terms of Peace that all guns and other war trophies in the possession of the enemy must be given up. See the point?

A War Toast.

There must be an official toast for all public banquets. A reader suggests this: "Here's health and happiness to all who have fought for us; our undying gratitude to all who have bled for us, and our everlasting reverence for all who have died for us. May we never forget them." Not bad.

"The Hidden Hand."

We understand that this film will be released at the end of January. The sooner, the better. We have not got rid of that hand by any means.

We Don't Think!

A civilian prisoner, just repatriated from Germany, tells us that he was permitted to visit Berlin *en route* home, and that several Germans, speaking excellent English, told him they were looking forward to coming over soon—"not later than March"—for business purposes. They will be disappointed.

The National Anthem.

How's this for a new verse?

God bless our boys who fought,
And Britain's freedom bought
By deeds of Fame.
Long may they live to be
Proud of our Liberty,
And give their praise to Thee—
God bless our Boys!

By the way, where's the Poet Laureate these days?

[illegible] that table.

Somebody reminds us that with the departure of the Germans from the soil of France in 1871 the table on which peace was signed at Versailles disappeared also. It would be a picturesque revenge for the Allies to insist on the restoration to France of the table, and that the peace of their victory should be signed on that and none other.

"In the Event of Invasion."

Down in Sussex they do not think it is all over; we mean the war. The Road Transport Committee at Lewes (under the Board of Trade) is ear-marking motor-vehicles "for Military use in the event of an imminent Invasion." The orders are headed "Defence of the Realm," and were issued during the present month of December. There is nothing like being prepared, but this makes one wonder if the enemy has been left with the possibilities of invading us. And, if so, why?

Another Milk Round.

Will the Food Controller be good enough to inform us whether the Travelling Commission he has appointed "to report on the Cost of Milk Production in Great Britain during winter and summer periods" is a new job he has given a lot of Food Ministry officials to stimulate the train service, or an old job he forgot to give 'em several years ago to keep 'em warm? It seems a long wait for a Commission of this kind. All the cows have gone dry on account of the inadequacy of the rainfall.

The Folly of Figures.

With pride Lord D'Abernon has published broadcast the figures relating to convictions for drunkenness during the time he has presided over the Board of Control. He has trumpeted abroad the ascertained fact of the lessened number of deaths through alcoholism in its various forms. Now perhaps he will be good enough to tell us how many thousands of unhappy victims of the deadly drug habit have sunk into their present hopeless state through being deprived of their legitimate alcoholic stimulant.

Justice for Mercantile Jack.

After describing how two mercantile marine ratings, landed sick from abroad, were left alone on stretchers at Southampton, we are told that such is the "usual course." When a merchant seaman falls ill, he is not sent to hospital, but has "sick leave," and must fend for himself. He should receive allowances for victualling and medicine, but often gets not a penny. Pensions for injury or death, given for a few months, are based on the scale of pre-war wages. The Admiralty, professing its pride in these men, needs to act.

Rhondda's Rations.

A Tooting reader very strongly resents the election assertion of Mr. Lloyd George that Lord Rhondda's rations made no difference between rich and poor. Even in rationed articles it is well known that in effect the well-off have always been better served than the poor. Not only have they frequently had the rations while others have had to go without; they have had the pick of most of the unrationed foods as well. When cheese or bacon or butter or jam was scarce, they have had whatever was going; while in tinned goods they have been able to pay whatever they have been charged. The assertion, therefore, is blank inexactitude.

Patriotism's Reward.

A little while back, British men in Holland were asked to join up. Numbers did so, and a batch arrived in England on November 12th, only to learn they were not then required. They cannot get back to their concerns in Holland, because the Dutch Government says it must first make enquiries about them (Wonder what enquiries they made about Wilhelm?). Now, those patriotic volunteers are turned loose in England, on an allowance of 3s. 6d. a day, on which they must live—as a reward for answering the Call!

Woolwich Bag Stitchers.

Long ago we complained of the poor pay of the women, outdoor workers, who made bags for Woolwich Arsenal. Their position now is shameful, their distress acute. There has been no work for a month, and they cannot go elsewhere because their discharges and Insurance cards are retained. "No work this week—but come again," is the cry that meets them. So they earn nothing, and, being nominally "undischarged," there is no out-of-work pay for them. Many are elderly widows, with children, yet are they officially denied the means of existence.

A Wildman's War Memorial.

One John R. Wildman, of Fleet Street, begrudges the money for the schemes of the War Graves Commission to supply headstones for the graves of those who have paid the great price for Britain. He says "all our dead should be exhumed and cremated and their ashes placed in a beautiful park on the battlefield." Exhumation in the conditions is so horrible a suggestion that those bereaved of their dearest need not distress themselves about it. Evidently the man who makes it moans no bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh in the war.

Favouring the Huns.

Wherever else it may exist, there is precious little "free trade" in the fishing industry except for foreigners. The other day we had a Scotsman grumbling that he was not allowed to fish for salmon off the English coasts, and now comes a complaint from Moray Firth fisherman that although German fishing-boats have lately been seen in their local waters, our own people are still debarred, as they were throughout the war, from trawling in this part of the sea. One fisherman speaks of having been warned off by a German trawler with a threat that if he continued fishing he would be "reported" to the British authorities! What further need can there be for these hampering restrictions?

In a Pauper's Grave.

If we are to judge by what a poor woman living near the Euston Road tells us, certain officials of Rackham Street Workhouse Infirmary buried her father—an inmate for a long time—without informing any member of his family of his death or burial. Though, according to her, "the old man was insured and could have had a decent funeral, they put him in a pauper's grave." Apparently the officials did not trouble to ascertain the address of the widow, though a day before the old fellow died—he was then on the "danger list"—one of his daughters took a parcel to him, but was refused admission on account of the influenza epidemic. Again, we do not understand why the address of the next-of-kin was not registered at the Infirmary.

A Long Way to Go.

Discharged munition workers, of whom there are very many in the Hendon and Edgware districts, have a real grievance. To look for work every morning they are compelled to travel to the Labour Exchange in Edgware Road, about 9 miles distant, involving a journey of three hours and costing 10d. The local people ought easily to make better arrangements than these.

No Exchange is Some Robbery.

This is an abominable case. A soldier returned from Germany after four years' imprisonment, bringing with him 160 marks of money, saved pfennig by pfennig from the threepence a day allowed him for working down a coal mine under indescribable conditions. When he gets home he finds he cannot change his German money into English coin. He gets no help from the War Office. Can you imagine and picture such meanness and dishonesty? What's the game?

A Mountain of Butter.

Indignant that the Ministry of Food recently "denied with emphasis," according to a Cardiff paper, that butter was being withheld, a Welsh reader reveals that on 12th December the Cardiff Cold Storage was "piled up to the roof with butter, and it is very improbable Cardiff is the only place where this sort of thing exists." "I presume," he adds, "they will keep it there until it is bad, like the bacon." What *can* be the use and purpose of such a crazy attempt to hoard supplies?

A Cheery Sufferer.

A soldier reader, "fed-up" with his sojourn in the East, thus apostrophises "Beautiful Mesopotamia"—"Where flies in thousands sting and bite, Where sandflies mar the Arabian night, Where spiders grow six inches long, Mosquitoes sing a high-pitched song, And ants to every meal all throng." No mistake, those wonderful "side-shows" had their seamy side, and to the brave lads who made light of such unceasing hardships we owe as great a debt as to those who fought in France.

The Happy Homes of England.

The housing problem at Westoning, Ampthill, Bedfordshire, must be pretty bad. When Private F. Haynes enlisted in February, 1915, he left his wife and six children in a detached cottage, with 20 poles of land, 500 yards away, rented from the Lord of the Manor. They had to give up the land because there was no labour to be had. And now, after complaints of all sorts of authorities, the only method of emptying the sanitary pail is for a soldier's wife to carry it through the village street.

"Brett's Perfect Plug."

"Brett's Perfect Plug, 3 ozs. 1s. 4½d.; Free Sample, 3 stamps. 173, Bradford Road, Huddersfield." Seeing this advertisement in an Ilfracombe paper, a soldier at the Curragh sent three stamps for said sample—and received ½ oz. of what Brett has the audacity to call "smoking mixture"—as abominable a concoction of wood and straw and dried leaves as we have ever seen. The explanation of Brett is that, as the Government has prohibited the manufacture of tobacco substitute, he sends the best he can. It is quite unfit to smoke, though for keeping the home fires burning it is probably harmless. Thrown on the flames it does not explode. We have rarely come across a more impudent fraud.

Injured On Munitions.

It is kind, very kind, to give male munition workers 20s. a week for 13 weeks, should they be out of work so long. But it makes the compensation allotted to an injured munition-worker, 25s. a week, appear niggardly in comparison. A family man with a fractured arm surely needs at least as much as a single man perfectly hale and hearty.

"In Wild Wales."

It appears that the Forestry Girls at Aberyskir, Brecon, receive full pay on wet days. It used to be stopped during absence through illness, but this has now been remedied. We believe the Organising Secretary is responsible for some welcome reforms, as she is also to be congratulated on her prompt handling of the situation during a recent influenza visitation.

Hey for Home!

Volunteers for munition work here were called for in Australia, and many men who responded were brought over. On Armistice Day they were discharged, and told they would promptly be carried home. But nothing has been done. A boat that was found for them seems to have been lost again, for a telegram stopped them from sailing. They are allowed 5s. a day to live on, and out of it to make remittances to their families. From every point of view, including cheapness, their departure for home ought not to be so stupidly delayed.

An Unfair Position.

Among the latest khaki complaints to come under our notice are the grievances of the junior officers in the Indian Army Medical Service, who are profoundly dissatisfied with their pay and prospects. It rather looks as though these hardworking officers were being made to pay the penalty of the breakdown of the Army medical arrangements in Mesopotamia, while the highly-placed functionaries, who were really responsible, have been transferred to lucrative positions elsewhere. We must look into the matter a little more closely as soon as ever time permits.

Special and Peculiar.

On Whit-Sunday last there was a certain liveliness from the air in a district less than a hundred miles from Ilford. Two Specials and their Sergeant were first on the spot, and worked right through the night. Some months later they were handed £1 each for services rendered, there being no ceremony and no fuss. Now the local Press reports the payment from a relief fund of £10 to an Inspector of the regular police force, £10 to a Sergeant, and £8 each for two Constables. The Specials, you see, being just volunteers are awarded a back seat by Ilford.

A Question of Breach.

A number of workmen were sent to a contract at Haverton Hill, Middlesborough, by John Mowlem and Co., Ltd. Among the conditions of employment was one promising accommodation in huts on the site at a charge of 6d. a night. As the huts were full, men had to pay railway fares and secure lodging at a distance, for 8d. That is a minor matter compared with the promise of "9s. weekly to workmen keeping two homes," for that promise was kept only to men proving marriage. Single men, with London rooms and dependents, were denied. This broken agreement left many stranded, and they complain of the breach.

Enemy Goods.

With regard to the household furniture of interned enemy aliens lying about in repositories all over London, a correspondent makes the suggestion that "all stored German furniture should be shared out among French and Belgian families whose homes have suffered through the Huns." A more convenient plan might be to turn the goods into cash and share out the proceeds, but, details apart, few will question the justice of the proposal. The Government ought long ago to have claimed a "lien" on every scrap of enemy property in our hands.

Turned Adrift.

We understand that although the Ministry of Labour recently commandeered a cinema theatre in Dublin to be used as a Labour Exchange, they made no provision for the unfortunate persons thrown out of work by their action. "From that time," writes the late Manager, "we have been turned adrift to shift for ourselves anyhow we can. No arrangement whatever was made for compensation or payment to our staff." Not a very bright beginning for the proposed Labour Exchange. A Ministry of Labour with a "Labour man" at the head of it should have done better.

An Excessive Fine.

At the Feltham Police Court, Sidney Edward Smith pleaded guilty to "using spirit for an unauthorised purpose," and to one or two other little irregularities in the use of a motor-cycle, but after carefully reading the case we are strongly of opinion that he ought not to have been fined £5. The defendant was no wanton "joy-rider"; his wife having been taken suddenly ill, he had seized the handiest means of rushing for the doctor, a technical offence certainly, and one that would have been quite sufficiently marked by a few words of caution, or at the most a nominal fine.

Peace, Plenty and Otherwise.

No wonder a certain Carluke resident lets the sun go down upon his wrath. "During the last spell of cold weather," he says, "many families in Glasgow and elsewhere had to sit fireless for weeks on end, not being able to obtain a single bit of coal, and now the whole country is on short supplies while coal masters are shipping thousands of tons daily to Neutrals." This proves we are a self-sacrificing people. If only we were swopping our coal for Dutch eggs or Danish butter that would be something, but we don't appear to be getting very many penn'orths of either. With all the Scotsmen in the Ministry, one would really think that Charity would begin at home.

A Sensitive Bench.

It's a ticklish job conducting a newspaper in the Straits Settlements. Not long ago our sprightly contemporary, the *Straits Echo*, ventured quite respectfully to whisper that the Judges of the Supreme Court at Singapore were not paid enough, and that the Governor ought to have nothing to do with appointments to the Bench. The next thing they knew, the Managing Editor of the paper and his Asiatic Directors were arraigned for "Contempt of Court," and it was not until they had proffered the most abject apologies that they were allowed to hold up their heads again as "free and independent" journalists. We tremble to think what might have happened to them if they had been really rude.

The True Voice of Labour.

Our sympathies are with those coal miners in West Lothian who recently went on strike as a protest against the re-employment of a number of Russian Poles who ran away from Scotland during the war to avoid military service. We have all along anticipated that Labour itself would demand that in future British work should be kept for British workers. The West Lothian miners are pointing the way.

From Pillar to Post.

The pay of the Forage Girls, £1 3s. 1d. a week, is nothing to boast about, and at least billets should be properly secured for them. Some people stiffly decline to take them in, and a party of girls in Lancashire, refused shelter in a village, were obliged to return to their starting-point, eight miles distant. On arriving there, the Staff-Sergeant bade them "clear off," if they could not come in at the fixed time. They wonder why they should be so hard-driven, and so do we.

"No Admittance."

A North Camp sergeant points out what is a very common source of chagrin among third-class passengers on the railways. He illustrates his own case. Travelling from London to Bristol he had not only to pay 30s. fare for his wife, but the third-class compartments were all full and he and she had to stand outside the lavatory for 3½ hours, while "within a few steps there were several first-class compartments practically empty, but carefully locked against the common herd." When Parliament meets we must hustle the Director of Railways for all he is worth.

A Poor Joke.

A soldier shaken by shell-shock had a cruel experience in one of those terrible "mental hospitals"—a lunatic asylum under a prettier name. Forced to associate with imbeciles, he was haunted day and night by the terrible dread that his own reason might give way. Finally, to his great relief, he was transferred to an institution where he might receive "vocational training," and he tells us without a trace of resentment that the Commanding Officer at the training centre "laughed like anything" when he heard of his experiences. Perhaps the laughter was intended to act medicinally, but God knows the treatment of these broken heroes is no joke.

"A Martyr."

Under this heading we told of a lad, only 21, late of the Naval Division, wounded, topedoed, and, after 12 hours in the water with a smashed foot, lying in a sanatorium under sentence of death in six months. Could he get to the climate of South Africa, we said, his days might be increased. We are happy to say we are arranging his passage there, and shall see that he has this chance of life upon which he builds such high hopes. A number of readers have forwarded sums amounting to £15 12s. to help this step, in addition to £1 previously sent to the sufferer. One officer, besides sending money, gives introductions to friends at the Cape, so the lad's prospects are far brighter now.

A Suggestion.

Many of our readers have never tried their hand at making "Bullets." Why not have a shot this Christmas? Remember, a good "Bullet" can win you no less a sum than £500 and there are over 8,000 other valuable prizes. "Bullets" will make quite a good game at your Christmas party.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig.

MY DEAR HAIG,—At last you have received London's recognition of your splendid contribution to the Allied victory. As I watched the cheering crowds, I recalled the quiet evening when we sat alone in your room at G.H.Q.—not very far behind the lines—and I heard from your own lips something of the wonderful strategy which, despite all disappointments, has brought about the ultimate defeat of the enemy. Knowing as I do something of the silent and splendid part you have played in the great drama, I am glad to see that at last due honour has been paid to you; and to vary slightly the wording of a recent official message, I hear from Lloyd George "that he is delighted with your reception." JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Morris, G.C.M.G., ex-Premier of Newfoundland.

DEAR LORD MORRIS,—If you were correctly reported this is what you recently said: "There will be a great charge on the Empire to pay for the war, as I understand Germany is not going to be asked to pay anything." I feel I must ask you for the source of your information. On the face of it, your announcement looks like an absurd travesty of the Government's intentions. What *did* you mean?

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. B. White, Women's Branch of the Department of Demobilisation and Resettlement, London.

MADAM,—I hear that in connection with your branch it is *sur le tapis* to originate Schools for War Brides, and though, of course, it is not my desire to interfere unduly in the curriculum, I really think it is a matter of importance to the war brides concerned that the branch should make a special effort to hustle along the classes on "How to hold a Baby," and "How to Push a Pram." I am told that hundreds of war brides don't know the right way up of a baby when they get one; but no doubt practice will make perfect. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. F. Kershaw, 11, Mayes Road, Wood Green.

DEAR SIR,—I should like to know who is the landlord of 28, Evesham Road, Bowes Park. After accepting Mrs. Eason, of Andermatt, Trinity Road, Southchurch, Essex, you returned her deposit of £1, with the remark that the landlord would not "have a widow woman." Since this lady is a widow because her husband died for his country, the statement is—shall we say?—queer. You are only the agent, of course, but I should rather like to meet "your principal in the City." JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Albert Stanley, President of the Board of Trade.

DEAR SIR ALBERT,—I fear you will not get much help from the Select Committee on Transport, whose Second Report I have been looking at. Actually they have made no enquiries into the possibilities of aerial transport, which they consider too remote to be of any practical importance. Happily, bolder minds have been applying themselves to this problem, but there is need for a radical change of method. Get a few live business men around you, and strike out a line of your own. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. T. H. Ferris, Brotherhood Church, Leeds.

TRAITOR,—It is a pity, since you seem to love them so much, that you weren't born a Hun; then you would have been shot long ago. In your blasphemous leaflet, "Christ and the War Debt," you reveal yourself not merely as an ignorant fanatic, but as a malicious traducer of your country's noble cause. We went to war, you tell us, inspired by no other motives than "greed and fear,"; that, you say, is the "naked and indecent truth." Foully indecent the statement certainly is, but you know as well as I do that it is naked lying. And in putting forward this sordid trash you have the shameless hardihood to employ a Name sacred to thousands of the brave lads who for Truth and Freedom have made the great sacrifice. You miserable cur! JOHN BULL.

To G. R. Hunt, Esq., Chairman of the Merstham Parish Council.

DEAR SIR,—It won't do, you know. You can't deal with housing that way. You can't pooh-pooh the efforts of public authorities to build houses on the grounds that houses are too dear for workpeople to rent. You have got to provide cheap houses. And you can't lift up your hands in holy horror at the notion of cheap houses with washing flying to the wind appearing in your select neighbourhoods. Clean laundry on a line is the flag of a blameless life; and there must be no preserves now when the people want decent dwelling places. JOHN BULL.

To W. H. Fowle, Esq., J.P., Chairman, Ludgershall Petty Sessions.

DEAR MAGISTRATE,—You were in the Chair at the Ludgershall Police Court the other day when a man named Alfred Cooke was brought up on a grave charge. "Not only had he been cheating the public," you said, "but he had been adding a great danger of disease by putting filthy water into the milk." What punishment did you award for this shocking offence? You fined the rascal £10. That, I suppose, was your idea of protecting the public against the risk of fell disease! JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Hamilton Belmont, 3, Aubert Park, Highbury, N.

DEAR SHARPER,—As you seem to be rather prevalent again, there may be no harm in saying that I have not the least intention of allowing you to rob my readers. You have been repeatedly exposed as a trading trickster, devoid equally of honesty and shame—your usual plan being to offer gramophones, fur-sets, "muffs and stoles," and similar articles at prices nominally "reduced" but actually far exceeding the value of the goods. This cute plan you appear to have revived for the Christmas season, but I doubt if you have found many dupes this time. Think of something cleverer. JOHN BULL.

THE ACID TEST.

A CHALLENGE TO THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

We insist that as long as the rent is paid, an Order of Ejectment ought in no circumstances to be granted against a man who has fought for his country, unless the landlord is ready to furnish him with as good a house elsewhere. A bad case at Plymouth has called forth an emphatic protest from Mr. E N. Tozer, Hon. Sec. of the Plymouth Branch of the National Federation of Discharged Sailors and Soldiers. Says he:—"One of our members, with 25 years' service in the Army, three of which were in South Africa in the Boer War and also three-and-a-half years' service in France in this war, and who also lost his son in France, has had an Ejectment Order granted against him by the Court, which will be put into execution against him in 21 days, after he has resided in the house for 13 years. As it is almost impossible for this man to obtain other accommodation, he had no other hope at the expiration of the period mentioned but to be turned into the street." The only way the ex-soldier could escape this fate was to take refuge in two back rooms in a most unattractive quarter of the town, where no doubt he has been pondering the Prime Minister's words about making this country "fit for heroes to live in." Little wonder that, as Mr. Tozer goes on to tell us, his branch of the Discharged Sailors' and Soldiers' Federation, numbering 1,200 members, "are very indignant, and ask if this is all a grateful country can do." The Coalition are pledged to the hilt to see justice done to the returned soldiers and sailors. The housing question will be the "acid-test" of their goodwill.

DISCREDITED POLITICIANS.

SOME UNDESIRABLE GLOBE TROTTERS.

Perhaps the Fleet Street watch-dogs who have been so carpingly critical of that sound patriot and Imperial statesman, Mr. W. M. Hughes, will keep an equally vigilant eye upon some other Australian politicians who are said to be *en route* for this country, particularly Mr. T. J. Ryan, Premier of Queensland, and Mr. J. Fihelly, a rather effervescent Irishman, who holds the office of Minister of Railways in the Labour Government of which Mr. Ryan is the head. The first occasion, we believe, on which Mr. Fihelly was introduced to our readers was when he had distinguished himself by speaking of England as "the home of cant, humbug and hypocrisy"—to say the least of it, an amazing statement to fall from a British Minister at a critical period of the war. At home Mr. Fihelly has earned still fiercer criticism by his slighting references to the struggle with Germany, and especially to the Anzac expedition and its gallant commander, General Birdwood, and it is not unnatural that the desperate determination to defeat Mr. Hughes's proposals for a measure of conscription as a means of reinforcing the Australian Armies should have been traced to unworthy motives. Throughout the war, Mr. Fihelly and Mr. Ryan have supported the weak-kneed policy of "peace by negotiation," although now that the war has been won, they will doubtless be ready to claim a share of the credit. All we ask is that they shall not be understood to speak on behalf of the Australian people who, time and again, have repudiated their views with no uncertain voice.

STARVING THE SHOPKEEPERS.

WHOLESALE TOBACCONISTS' UNFAIR COMPETITION

Tobacconists are able to obtain supplies from manufacturers only if they were customers in 1916. The restriction compels them in many instances to face a new form of competition, flagrantly unfair, in addition to their other troubles. A Kingston-on-Thames retailer tells us that his shop has been established for 35 years; he bought it from his wholesaler, of Wimbledon, the proprietor of three shops, in 1917; he therefore does not know what supplies he is entitled to on the basis of 1916. What he does know from his customers is that in 1916 the shop was one of the best stocked in Kingston; yet to-day he can scarcely obtain enough supplies to keep open. "I have turned away this morning 42 customers whom I cannot serve," he writes. Two other tobacconists in the same road are closed because they have nothing to sell. Yet a wholesaler who cannot serve him because he was not a customer in 1916 is merrily supplying over the counter the customers he has to turn away. He mentions two other wholesalers who are also doing a brisk retail trade—one with two shops and one with three. Another wholesaler does a retail business three minutes from his door, and all the customers he cannot serve spend their money at this trader's shop. The fact is, it pays the wholesalers who are retailing to keep short of stock the shopkeepers they are under obligation to supply fairly under the restrictions. The present state of things is not less scandalous than it is ruinous and unjust to defenceless traders who are being victimised and broken.

THE PARLIAMENTARY SANTA CLAUS.

"It's all very well 'putting them up,' but somebody's got to be disappointed!"

ROBBING THE SICK.

ANOTHER BAD CASE AT THE ARSENAL.

There must be something radically wrong with the medical arrangements at Woolwich Arsenal. A week or two ago we cited the case of a young widow who, though utterly broken in health by the strain of war work, had had the greatest difficulty in obtaining her rights. A parallel instance is that of a workman who, after a spell of work in the danger room, handling what he describes as "a yellow powder," became so seriously ill as to be entirely disabled from further employment. It must be remembered that, before a man is put to work of this character, he is supposed to receive a thorough examination at the hands of the Arsenal doctors, and if after this he succumbs to the strain, it is reasonable to infer either that a mistake was made, as so often happened with the Army medical examination, or that the illness has arisen from the nature of the worker's employment. On either of these suppositions a just claim to compensation arises. In the case we have just mentioned, the disabled workman, after weeks of serious illness, is fit only for the lightest employment, which he has so far been unable to obtain; yet the authorities disclaim all liability, leaving the poor fellow to shift for himself in circumstances of acute distress, with a wife and five children depending upon him for support. As in the case of the widow suffering from septic poisoning, the sick man complains of the utter callousness of the authorities, his letter having been disregarded, and the whole business handled with that slovenly indifference which we are learning to expect from the Arsenal management. If it is true that the workman is now suffering from heart and kidney disease, the plain inference is that he was never fit for the work on which he was engaged, and there is, therefore, a moral obligation upon the authorities to pay him full compensation; while if, as the man himself firmly believes, he is suffering the penalty of a dangerous employment, he has been cheated out of his legal rights. The fact that special precautions in the handling of the "yellow powder" have lately been introduced seems to lend support to the sufferer's belief, and suggests that once again the medical authorities at the Arsenal have been sadly lacking.

A TRAP FOR SERVANTS.

MONEY DEMANDED FOR GOODS NOT ORDERED.

Tallymen who tout for trade among servant girls are a set of harpies specially to be avoided, as they try to induce domestics to incur heavy bills for expensive articles often of a flashy, trashy kind. One such man called at a house and asked to be favoured with a list of the servants' names. The sequel was startling to a day-girl who thoughtlessly gave her own name. She received, first, a letter from T. Thorne and Co., calling themselves costumiers and outfitters, now of 63, Great Portland Street, London, W. They—or, rather, A. Pritchard, for that is the name of the man running the concern—enclosed a list of furs, priced from 38s. 6d. for a neck fur to ten guineas for a set in "skunk" colour—rather an ominous tint. Within a day or two came a printed letter enclosing "payment card for the goods purchased," although nothing whatever had been ordered or purchased. Since then, T. Thorne and Co. have had the colossal effrontery to worry the girl in these terms:—"Fearing your instalment has been overlooked, we venture to ask the favour of a remittance in the course of a few days." According to the card they sent, they are dunning her by demanding a sum of 30s. for a "B. G. Bct."—whatever that may be—announced as "delivered" in November. As we have said, nothing has been ordered, so nothing has been delivered, and the queer proceedings of T. Thorne and Co. look like an effort to force her to purchase something she would rather be without. We warn servants and others against such a cunning trick of the trade; this is not the first time that Thornes have demanded payment for goods in their own possession. Touters and tallymen should be given a wide berth, and letters asking for money, such as the impudent missives of T. Thorne and Co., should be handed to somebody competent to deal with them as they deserve. We congratulate Thornes on having, apparently, dropped the "back-door Bible bounce"—the palming off on unsophisticated domestics of Family Bibles at exorbitant prices. The despicableness of this game was aggravated by the nature of the medium selected for its perpetration, but it was carried on merrily for some time.

PAY THAT IS NOT PAID.

JOB FOR MUNITION WORKER AT 12s A WEEK.

That out-of-work pay to munitioners is not all honey, nor is it all money. The women's 20s. weekly does not always materialise. A number of cases have come before us, and we propose to relate one. A woman worked on munitions in Oldham from June, 1915, till 1918, then being sent to Hereford, where she was discharged last month. She sought work at the Oldham Labour Exchange, and was offered a job at a penny bazaar, wages 12s. a week! This she naturally declined, and was also unable to go weaving on four looms, having worked only one loom seven years ago. Because she refused the job so lavishly remunerated, she has been notified that her out-of-work pay is stopped. As a fact, she has received nothing, though still out of a situation. It is to be hoped the local Court of Referees will put this and all similar cases on a proper footing; for real, willing workers deserve better treatment than we have described.

MEN WHO GUARD OUR SHORES.

ANOTHER KNOCK AT TRINITY HOUSE DOOR.

Lately we have hammered hard at the door of the Trinity House, trying to arouse its very Elder Brethren to some sense of their duties. We now urge upon them the case of the seamen on their steamers. These men man the lightships and light tenders, their main work being to guard the sandbanks and rocks around our coast, to keep the seas safe for navigation. It is lonely and often dangerous work, done in war days without a gun aboard for protection, yet done devotedly in face of all weathers and all foes. Now, though every other man in all services connected with the sea has received extra pay and bonuses, these heroes of the Trinity boats have been left in the cold with nothing at all—not one penny of additional wage or bonus. Petitions to Trinity House have been ignored, the 25 Brethren there, on £1,000 a year apiece, refusing to budge. In passing, it may be noted that the Brethren used to make joy-trips, called inspections, in a beautiful yacht, to look at the lights and the light-ships, but they have not been out since there was trouble under the waves. The Board of Trade has power to settle the matter, and the settlement should be an immediate increase of pay, dating back for a considerable period to cover the days of extra risk and danger.

A CRUEL CATCH.

DELUDING SUFFERERS BY UNKEPT PROMISES.

There is cruelty in advertising, in large letters, "1,000 Rupture Sufferers to be Treated Free," and then "treating" anxious enquirers to an invitation to buy a pad. That was done by the Stuart-Plaster Pad Co., 68, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. Stuart further announced, "Generous free treatment is offered to-day to readers suffering from rupture. . . . These cures are absolute and lasting. . . . You need no longer wear a truss"—but it subsequently appears you are being cajoled to buy a pad, with fittings. "There is nothing to pay, nothing to owe," so continues this deceptive advertisement. "Just send your name and address to us, and you will receive the free 'First Aid' treatment with full directions." That is a definite promise, calculated to arouse high hopes of relief and cure, but it is not kept. Stuart sends only a "little book," to "read carefully," a price list of his pads, and a tiny sample tube of ointment. And he offers to send a pad "that will fit you just right"—at a price ranging from £1 10s. to £2 15s. He says he will lose no time in dispatching it, but we think readers will be wise not to lose any time at all, or any money, in giving him the opportunity for which his advertisement so artfully angles.

"JOHN BULL'S" PARLIAMENTARY BUREAU.

By CHARLES PALMER (*Assistant Editor*).

ALREADY the announcement of the Editor's intention to keep himself in close touch with the readers of JOHN BULL by the institution of a Parliamentary Bureau has attracted widespread public interest. The system of its working needs little explanation. Since the war a thousand questions of individual or public importance have arisen which can hope for effective settlement only through what the Prime Minister would call the "acid test" of Parliament. Our readers know how many and how varied have been the subjects calling for Government action which have been discussed in our columns. If there had been in the House of Commons in sufficient measure the qualities of courage and independence, Ministers would have been bombarded with questions, and under the searchlight of Westminster these injustices would have been brought into fuller public view. But the greatest of all the virtues is moral courage, and of all the men who have sat in the House of Commons during the war not half-a-dozen dared stand forth as champions of the under-dog.

Well, thank God, all that is now changed. There is at least one man who will go to the new House of Commons with a mandate from the People more certainly signed and sealed than any that has been given to any other Parliamentary representative. The Editor of this journal is pledged irrevocably to Tommy and Jack, to the orphan and the widow, to the struggling dependent. And in addition he regards himself as the representative of the middle-classes—that big uncomplaining section of the community that has suffered so poignantly during the months of high prices. The old fellow with his small dividends, the widow with her little competence in railway stocks, has been forced to eke out a meagre existence against the embargo of profiteering.

And so when we say that JOHN BULL is for the Middle Classes as well as for Tommy and Jack and the working-classes, we intend to include within our protection all who cannot fight for themselves. That is where our Parliamentary Bureau will be able to render a real service to the community. First of all, its object is to serve all who are in trouble and whose difficulties are such that Parliament alone can set them right. Many grievances can be adjusted by private representation to the authorities. Our archives are, happily, full of instances in which the influence of this journal has been exerted with the most beneficial results. Scandal for scandal sake is no part of our policy. It is only when private representations have proved unavailing or when some great question of principle is involved that exposure is the method adopted by JOHN BULL. For one case of injustice which is ventilated in our columns there are a hundred that never see the light of publicity, but which are settled "out of court." to the complete satisfaction of those who appeal to us in their distress.

But as we have already declared, there comes a point at which private and even Press representation fails, and the need for Parliamentary challenge and publicity is paramount. That is why the Editor has decided to institute the Parliamentary Bureau. We invite every reader who has sought and failed to find redress, no matter from what department of the State, to "Write to JOHN BULL about it." In the coming months thousands of troubles will demand adjustment. Demobilisation will send between three and four million men home to civil life once more, and their grievances and difficulties will fall on deaf ears unless they can be certain of such sympathy and assistance as JOHN BULL can offer and guarantee. It is, therefore, with no arrogant attitude, but because of our desire to fulfil our pledge to the fighting men, that we invite all who are in trouble to send us their cases. Let them mark their envelopes "Parliamentary Bureau," and they will then be certain that they will reach the right department.

The war is ended; official gratitude has a short memory, and even public remembrance is not too long-lived. A watchful and an all-seeing eye is necessary if the men who have fought and those who have suffered at home are to be assured of protection and generosity. Already the discharged man is creeping into the cold comfort of the workhouse, the widow is being turned from her home, the orphan is given the chill hand of charity, and the wounded are seeking the precarious earnings of the piano-organ. That will not do. If we could spend eight millions a day on war, we can spare a few paltry thousands for peace. And it will be our particular duty and privilege to be the guardian of the down-trodden, the champion of the under-dog.

Nor shall we fail to keep a watchful eye on the employer. Already we hear of cases in which a man's wage is being reckoned according to his pension. That is infamous. Pension is a capital contribution for the years spent in fighting or compensation for physical wastage. A man is entitled to what he can earn, and if the part he has played in the war is to be taken into account it must accrue not to his disadvantage but to his advantage. We shall not make ourselves responsible in the House of Commons for any merely frivolous complaints. But provided the evidence is sound, we promise to pursue matters to finality. Let all who are in trouble or difficulty write to JOHN BULL about it, for JOHN BULL is now not only the Press but it is in Parliament. Put your points briefly, send copies of any documents which support your claim, mark your envelope "Parliamentary Bureau," and leave the rest to Mr. Bottomley.

INDIVIDUAL INDEMNITIES.

PRIVATE DEBTS THAT THE HUNS MUST PAY.

It ought to be one of our terms at the Peace Conference that Germany should pay full indemnity, not only to the British Nation as a whole, but to those individuals who through the war have suffered specific loss of a kind that can be compensated by money. It is not the question of protecting the rich from the consequences of unpatriotic investments. One of the cases under our notice is that of an Englishman, employed in Germany before the war, who by dint of steady saving had been able to deposit £150 in a German Bank. At the commencement of hostilities this man was arrested, and when, a year or so later, he was released and allowed to return to England, his bank books, as well as his furniture and all other possessions, were confiscated by the thieving Huns, and he left the country penniless. Is this man to receive no redress? Equally hard are the cases of English people with property in Belgium and other countries over-run by the enemy, and here, surely, there cannot be a moment's hesitation as to the absolute duty of the Government to demand full compensation for individual losses. A case in point is that of an English engineer who, when the war started, had lived 18 years in Belgium. Driven out by the German invasion, he now learns that there is very little chance of his recovering even his household furniture or its value, to say nothing of considerable sums of money owing to him on account of work destroyed by the ruffianly invaders. Apparently none of our Government Departments has made it its business even to register such claims. Surely there can be no thought of releasing the enemy from his just debts to British subjects?

GIVEN AWAY BY THE POLICE.

OFFENCES PURGED BUT LIVING DEBARRED.

Someone has said that every saint has had his past and every sinner his future. There is no secret about the past of W. Chilners, of Tottenham. Indeed, he makes no secret about it himself. About four years ago he was convicted of breaking a window while he was drunk. Later, he stole a loaf of bread, possibly because he had a wife and seven children and could not feed them on coke. Whatever his motive, he was again convicted. Since then he has served in the Army, but was discharged medically unfit. Twice afterwards he enlisted, each time to be discharged for the same reason. Whatever Chilners' character out of the Army—and he can scarcely be regarded as a helplessly and hopelessly bad lot—it was good while he was with the Colours. His discharge certificate proves that. Eventually he found work with Messrs. Holland and Annan, St. Anne's Road, Tottenham, who are building American hospitals there. On almost the day he commenced work a local policeman recognised him, for he has lived in Tottenham all his life, and it was there he was convicted. This policeman, so Chilners alleges, spoke to some of the American officers and also to the foreman about him, hinting that he had been in the hands of the police and should be watched very carefully. This espionage became so unpleasant that he was compelled to leave, the men continually pointing at him and whispering about him. He bitterly complains that this treatment is unfair. He had purged his offences. He does not seem to have put himself under fresh suspicion. He was starting a new life on a good Army character. Why should the Tottenham police try to make his life a misery?

SUNDAY SAINTS AT SOUTHEND.

HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR IN QUEER STREET.

In a recent issue we called to account in a Candid Communication to Alderman F. W. Senier, Mayor of Southend, the Magistrates over whom he presided, in regard to the grudging and insulting way in which they conceded the application of an officer of the brigade of troops quartered in Southend for permission to use the local Hippodrome for a series of Sunday concerts for solders. The mayoral Cadi appears to be a Sunday beautitudinarian of the first water. Presiding at the first of a series of Sunday afternoon "Pops," arranged by the local Free Church Council, to be held in this same Hippodrome, his Worship can have left no doubt in the minds of his audience that while it was in the highest degree undesirable, possibly improper, and probably demoralising for soldiers to wish to hold Brigade concerts on Sundays in a common entertainment hall, it is edifying, uplifting, and to the utmost blessedness of the community that the Free Church Council should organise Sunday concerts and even make use of the band of a regiment quartered locally to enhance the prospects of success. The Mayor was gushing in his patronage. He "said how pleased he was to affiliate himself with those who were interested in the highest welfare of the people, and had afforded this opportunity for a pleasant Sunday afternoon which might also give some thought which would be helpful through the six days of the week." We do not begrudge the Sunday saints of Southend their Sunday afternoon concerts in their local music-hall; not at all. What is objectionable is that they should seek to prevent for soldiers in the district the liberty and the right they claim for themselves.

JOHN BULL AND THE COW.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING MERCIFUL.

Why remember in the afternoon what you have done in the morning? In the same Court two cases were tried. One was of a young soldier—whose name pleasantly reminds us of ourselves. It was Jack (or John) Bull. He had belonged to White Colne, Essex, before he joined the Army. Now he is back here, suffering from shell-shock, and cursing the Magistrates. When he was sent home from France he was recommended to keep out in the open air, and get as much amusement as possible. So a former friend of his gave him permission to go on his land, and shoot. He did so. Hence these tears. This young soldier, John Bull, was permitted to shoot the Huns, but not allowed to shoot pheasants. And so Mr. C. E. Brewster, Chairman of the Halstead Bench of Justice Shallows, fined him £3 for killing game without a licence, and £2 extra for doing it on a Sunday! That last touch puts the lid on it. But the whole case is instructive of the way we reward our soldiers for their valour. In the same Court Harry Brewer, a farmer, of Colne Engaine, was summoned for cruelty to a cow. The beast, like the soldier, had the habit of breaking through hedges, and so Merciful Brewer strapped round the cow's neck a chain with a wooden clog attached, and somewhere else a second chain with a 28 lb. weight on it, which the cow dragged when it promenaded between its field and its shed. Merciful Brewer was convicted, but no fine was imposed. From which you learn that, whether you do or you don't fight for your country, the important thing is not to break through hedges. If you do you'll be fined, or have chains fixed all over you. In fact, you may bet your life on the chains.

OFFICIAL IMPUDENCE.

FLIPPANT DISREGARD OF GOVERNMENT PLEDGE.

Some folks have an easy impression that everything is being done that can be done to assist discharged officers and men. Unfortunately there is less warrant for this belief than Ministerial assurances have led us to hope. The machinery may exist, but too often the spirit of helpfulness is lacking. It was understood, for instance, that discharged men were to be encouraged to offer themselves for the Civil Service, and that for the next year or two the bulk of the vacant appointments were to be earmarked for men who had served in the Army or Navy. Cheered by this announcement a Second Lieutenant who had served two years in France, a young man of good education, got into touch with the Appointments Department of the Ministry of Labour, asking for information as to how he should proceed in order to obtain a Civil Service appointment. The reply he received, signed on behalf of the Controller by Lieut.-Col. A. F. Mackenzie or his deputy, can only be described as an impertinent rebuff. It ran:—

> In reply to your letter of the 2nd inst., I have to advise you that the Civil Service Commission is the sole examining and recommending body of the Civil Service with regard to permanent appointments. The qualifications required are rather high. Under the circumstances, I suggest that you adopt another career.

It is charitable to assume that this insulting communication, though sent out over the name of Lieut.-Col. Mackenzie, was actually drafted by a cheeky office-boy. What right had the Department to conclude, as this letter clearly suggests, that the applicant was a person of no education, and that the "high qualifications" required for the Civil Service would be an effectual bar to his appointment? If the authorities have not yet had the sense to devise a plan for giving effect to the Government's pledges it would be better if they had the honesty to say so, instead of assuming a want of intelligence in other people of whose fitness for employment they have no means of judging.

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THE DEAR SWEET HUNS.

PIN MONEY PERMITTED TO GERMAN WIFE.

Who would hurt a German? Not the Whitehall authorities, certainly; see with what sweet forbearance they treat the trading Hun. An interesting case is that of E. and W. Belden, Boot Tree Agents, of 12, Upper Thames Street, E.C. The name "Belden" sounds harmless enough, but that is mere camouflage. There "ain't no sich pusson." Indeed, looking a little below the surface of things, we can trace the intricate process known as a "double shuffle," the firm having been registered alternatively under the Business Names Act as E. and W. Belden and H. Bertram and Co. Fortunately, the Register enables us to pierce these twin disguises. On the 9th day of March, 1917, there is a declaration signed by Mr. D. H. Vale, of Blackheath, S.E., by which this gentleman acknowledges as his partners in the firm of H. Bertram and Co., Wilhelm Bornecke, "now interned in this country," and George Huth, of Breslau, both confessed as of German nationality. This, remember, was in March, 1917, and it is not until more than a year later that we discover an entry, dated April 23rd, 1918, stating that in the previous month "the share and interest respectively of Wilhiam Bornecke and George Huth became vested in the Public Trustee, thereby dissolving the partnership of H. Bertram and Co." Just fancy!—nearly four years after the outbreak of war! In the meantime, it seems, the firm had been allowed to carry on "business as usual," permission having actually been given, apparently by the Treasury, for £50 a month out of the trading profits to be sent on behalf of the interned Bornecke to his wife, who had been deported to Germany early in the war. In March, 1917, this monthly remittance was reduced to £30, but apparently the official sanction for these payments was never withdrawn, while the firm were also allowed to send smaller sums of money on Bornecke's account to a German friend of his interned in this country. This case is just one further example of the amazing softness with which the enemy has been treated.

A CATTLE PLAGUE.

FOOD DESTRUCTION V. FOOD PRODUCTION.

Allotment-holders at Rickmansworth have cause for bitter complaint against a local farmer who seems to be absolutely careless regarding wrongs done to them. The men have ten plots opposite the Half-Way House, by "Old Ricky," and the adjoining meadow is in the occupation of a Mr. Franklin. In the autumn of 1917, twelve cows belonging to Farmer Franklin overran the allotments, trampled them, and ate the winter crops. In the spring of this year the cattle again broke through and destroyed the growing things. The men thereupon wrote to Franklin a civil request that he would repair his hedge and obviate a recurrence of such disastrous invasion. That gentlemanly person had not the politeness to reply. Thereupon Mr. Clynes was approached, and he passed the affair on to the Food Production Department, who merely advised a threat of legal proceedings to recover damages. Money, however, is bad compensation for loss of food and waste of time and devoted toil. The local Urban Council, in its turn, said it could do nothing, because it was not the landlord of the allotments, and local "War" Committees of all kinds were equally supine. The fact that Franklin is a Councillor may have some bearing upon his immunity from reproof or official action. Just lately his cattle have again broken through, making the fourth occasion. The men might sue for damages, but that means time spent in attending Court. They could, of course, hold the cattle "in pound" until the damage was paid; but this method seems equally unsatisfactory and should be unnecessary.

GERMANY'S

Kaiser's Armistice Trick—Drop the Duds

By THE

IN the course of my career I have been called everything—except a Pessimist. But now that the clash of Armageddon is over—as it should have been two years ago—I am bound to say that I view the situation with some misgiving. I have been watching very closely the mental acrobatics, the quibbling and the trimming, of our leading politicians. Until I raised, in this journal, the question of Indemnities, for instance, not a word about them was to be found in either the Points of the President or the speeches of the statesmen. And, even then, how they have wobbled and prevaricated! The same with the "Freedom of the Seas." Apparently the Government was prepared to swallow this dictum, without the slightest enquiry as to its meaning. "If Germany wants Peace," said the Prime Minister in July, "she can have it to-morrow on President Wilson's terms." Can she! And now we are going into the Peace Conference with all kinds of indefinite phrases and qualifications as to the interpretation of the Fourteen Points, and others we have added.

Drop the Duds!

But apart altogether from the Terms of Peace, there are many evidences of unrest and uncertainty on the part of the People. We have had various industrial rumblings, which have been silenced by concession during the period of election activity. Anything to keep the workers quiet and get the election through has been the motto of the Government. But we shall soon have to face the situation of a grave crisis with the workers. I am not one of those who predict that we shall find a couple of hundred Labour Members, or anything like it, in the new Parliament; but there will be a good many—quite enough to make their power felt. And who shall blame them? Each for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost, will be the order of the day when it comes to what are called the Problems of Reconstruction. And then there will be the Demobilised Millions; and if one is to judge by the spirit of the discharged men, I predict that the Government will find itself confronted by a somewhat tough and ugly proposition. And when, on the top of all this, you throw in the munition workers and others whose big wages have come to a sudden end—with high prices and food shortage and heavy taxation still prevailing—you will get a condition of things demanding a very different type of statesmanship from that which has hitherto prevailed. And what of the situation in Germany and Austria—and Russia? My information is anything but reassuring—whilst we have yet to adjust accounts with Neutral States. Indeed, it will only be after peace is formally signed with Germany that the real trouble will begin. In other words, the aftermath of war will be the problem. I am certain that neither the old Party system of government nor any coalition of its component parts will be equal to the task. I doubt whether there are half-a-dozen men at the present time taking an active part in public affairs, who possess the necessary qualifications for such a job. And the sad reflection is that in recent years public life, as personified by the professional politicians, has fallen into such disrepute that the best men hold aloof. And that sentiment is to a large extent reflected in the attitude of the people themselves. It will be interesting to see, for instance, what percentage of the electors have taken the trouble to go to the Poll. Leaving out the women, I do not think it will be found that more than half the men have done so—which, of course, detracts very much from the moral force of the Premier's "Mandate."

The Peace Treaty.

And that is why, frankly, I am somewhat apprehensive of the immediate outlook. Of course, much will depend upon the class of men whom Mr. Lloyd George gets around him. But he has such a childlike faith in the old school—I will not say the "old gang." One by one, I am glad to see, many of his pre-election colleagues are going, but I do not find amongst the new Members of the House much material from which a fresh selection can be made. It rather looks as though the old Coalition Ministers, with a few exceptions, and a few chops and changes, will again be found on the Treasury Bench. And that will mean a short life for the new Parliament. If the Prime Minister wishes his Government to last, he must get new blood into it. He must cut off the "whiskers"—he must drop the duds. I take the Peace Treaty first. Are we quite sure that we can trust our representatives, whoever they may be, to see that Britain is not left out in the cold? We must always bear in mind that her position is very different from that of her Allies and America, apart from Indemnities—in which they are all to some extent (but nothing like that of ourselves) interested—each of them has a very definite objective. France gets back Alsace-Lorraine; Italy, Trieste and the Trentino; Japan, Kiao Chao, and secures various advantages in the Near East; whilst as regards America, we may soon discover that, apart from motives of Humanity, the wily President has had an eye on the Business aspect of intervention. Remember that there is at the present time upwards of £100,000,000 of German money invested in America—and I do not think it will be allowed to go out. We shall see. Personally, I have always hoped that, as the outcome of the war, America and Britain might be merged into one great Anglo-Saxon Confederation—which could secure the peace of the world for all time to come. And assuming, as I desire to do, the sincerity of Mr. Wilson's protestations, we must still hope for that glorious consummation. But I am far from confident on the point. What, however, I want to focus public attention upon are the legitimate claims of Britain, upon which the Government must insist. Apart from the enormous financial cost of the war, we have advanced thousands of millions to our Allies—*and to Russia*. And we must have that money back. That would simply leave us "as we were" before the war, however—and that won't do. Our Navy saved the world, and we should have a first claim upon the surrendered German fleet. And the African Colonies, at least, should come to us. And Heligoland *must* come back; and there must be no tampering, in any way, with our sea-power and supremacy. Will the Prime Minister and his colleagues be adamant on these points? If not, *there will be trouble with the fighting men*, and widespread discontent throughout the land.

Kaiser's Armistice Trick.

But as I have said, in settling the Terms of Peace we must also take full cognisance of the future. I cannot for the life of me understand how, when dictating the Terms of Armistice, the disbandment and demobilisation of the German Army was not made a fundamental condition—with the surrender, not of a portion only, but of the whole of its arms and munitions. As it is, we have allowed several million Hun soldiers to return unmolested to the Fatherland, with enormous equipment—and there has recently been witnessed the revolting spectacle of the German Guards being received with bands and banners on their "triumphal" entry into Berlin. I was also very much struck, when looking at a photograph of the retreat across the Rhine, with General von Eberhardt complacently watching the return of his troops; and I wondered what sinister schemes were brewing in his mind. Already there are evidences that the Guards have obtained the control of the Government machine, and I have not an atom of doubt that they are acting in the interests of the Kaiser—whose early return to Potsdam, unless the Allies "get a move on," will be the next thing of which we shall hear. See what is happening. Leading financiers and merchants of Germany are sending the "S.O.S." to America. They are concerned in a plot—despicable of course, but that goes without saying where the German is concerned—to pretend that the Allies' demands are unreasonable, and that they look to President Wilson and the American people to do what?—to save them from the full consequences of their crimes. And all the time the ex-Kaiser is lurking in Holland waiting to see how the cat will jump. These tools of the deicated War-Lord are pretending that if we exact full indemnities from Germany she will be bankrupt. Well, let it be so. That has nothing to do with us. As to the complaint that unless she is able to use the iron ore in Lorraine and the coal-fields of Poland she will be unable to recover her pre-war position, there again I am left cold. The danger is that under a "public opinion" manu-

NEW PLOT.

Watch Wilson—Where Do We Come In?

EDITOR.

factured by the military caste, we shall have President Wilson urging us to pay regard to the wishes of the German people, and advising us not to be too hard on the unspeakable Hun. Already in this connection, I note that Mr. Asquith is telling us that in the great scheme of European Reconstruction we must find "a place for our seventy million enemies, as well as for our friends." The more I think about it, the more I am convinced that there was a good deal of subtle Teutonic cunning and trickery behind the Armistice—*and that the Kaiser was behind it all.* Unless we are extremely careful, we shall find that we have a heavy penalty to pay for not having left the matter entirely in the hands of Foch and Haig, who, within a few days of Germany's appeal, would have had her army at our mercy—whilst, to use my old phrase, we could have "blown Berlin to Blazes." What a bitter disappointment, by the way, the Armistice was to our splendid airmen, who were literally spoiling, with their magnificent new machines, for the great expedition. But the politicians *would* put their noses in—and the result is that the German generals are boldly and cynically claiming that their armies are still "unbeaten."

The Demobilisation Problem.

Here, again, the Government will find itself up against a mighty proposition. To some extent the problem has been simplified by the eleventh-hour recognition of the necessity for maintaining a large army of occupation in Germany—to counteract any contemplated *coup* on the Kaiser's part, such as I have already hinted at. But even then there will be at least three million men suddenly transferred to civil life—to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands of munition and other war-workers whose work is now slackening off, and many of whom will shortly be entirely dependent on the temporary Unemployment Allowance. And this applies to women as well as to male workers. Let it always be remembered that one of the conditions upon which an enormous number of men rushed to the Colours was that their jobs would be kept open for them on their return. We know now that in most cases this promise will not be fulfilled—and we cannot wonder that great bitterness exists in the minds of the disappointed soldiers. Then there is the fact that, after four years of training, we have a veritable army of women in the industrial field, and it will be a matter of difficulty to induce them to return to the humdrum conditions of pre-war life. How, then, does the Government propose to deal with this big question? There is one way, and one way only. Whether or not we get our money back from Germany, there must be a Peace Loan, of at least one thousand millions, for the purposes of Industrial Reconstruction. *And every citizen must be compelled by law, according to his means, to subscribe.* That is a kind of Capital Levy of which I am heartily in favour. And, by the way, our rich men should be afforded the opportunity of proving their patriotism by lending a portion of their wealth to the State free of interest.

The Peace Loan.

The issue of this Peace Loan should be one of the first acts of the new Parliament, and in the meantime a comprehensive scheme for the profitable utilisation of the money on national purposes should be prepared. The roads and highways of the country should at once be taken in hand—special thoroughfares for motors, as distinguished from horse-traffic, being provided. Our whole canal system should be overhauled—the various waterways being linked up, with standardised locks. This, by the way, was one of the first promises made by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman when the Liberal Government assumed office at the end of 1905, and later on we had the inevitable Royal Commission—whose Report was in due course made. Nothing, however, has been done in the matter. Under a scientific scheme, highly interesting and well-paid work would be provided for hundreds of thousands of men for several years to come. Then, too, we want a new system of light railways, with motor services attached, for the purpose of dealing with the agricultural produce of the country and bringing it to market at cheap rates. Another matter is the demolition of all slum properties, and the erection in their places of healthy, habitable homes. Concurrently with this we must have a replanning of congested towns and cities. Electric power and lighting should also be taken in hand by the public authorities—our rivers, and even our tides, being brought into service for generating purposes. Upon some such lines as these a new face would be put upon the whole of Britain in the course of the next decade—whilst, as I have said elsewhere, the benefit being primarily for posterity, it would be both just and sound finance to treat the Peace Loan as a permanent charge upon the nation. In the name of Heaven, therefore, let us avoid cackle when Parliament meets, and get to Business!

All Must Help.

I am writing in no spirit of hostility, either towards the Prime Minister or the Government. I am all out to help them to the uttermost of my capacity. I feel, however, that I am rendering them a genuine service in endeavouring to rescue them from the blissful paradise of Unreality in which they are at present living. When we have before us the full details of the poll at the General Election, we shall realise one or two things which will shed a very lurid light upon that Mandate for which Mr. Lloyd George has asked. As I have said elsewhere, we shall have some rare surprises—many of them due, no doubt, to the plethora of candidates in various constituencies. But the fact will remain—of that I feel assured—that so far as the Home population is concerned, and inclusive of the women voters (who, by all accounts, have rallied to the polling booths), not more than half the electors will have gone to the poll. This, in itself, is a very alarming fact. Remember, we have had no election for seven years, and no appeal of any kind to the country until now, upon the great issues of the war. What, then, can be the explanation of such public apathy? Is it that the people are losing all faith in the politician and in Parliament, and have grown weary of the babel of words which has been dinned into their ears these past few months? Or is the solution to be found much deeper down? Has the Bolshevik germ got into the system of the British race, with the result that it is beginning to despair of Constitutional Government? God forbid that such should be the case. We shall, however, have to proceed very warily—and any man who in such a crisis encourages faction and dissension in the Councils of the State is an enemy to his King and Country. That charge, at any rate, shall never be laid at my door. On the other hand, I will be no sycophant and no time-server. I shall use every scrap of influence I possess on the side of Law and Order and sane Government.

The Soldiers' Vote.

But what of the Soldiers' Vote? Here there has been a terrible muddle, and I am afraid that the frantic explanations and directions now being extensively advertised for the benefit of the Absent Voter will have come too late. There has been far too much red-tape in the business. Every mail brings me shoals of forms and cards which the soldier is quite unable to digest—and I do not wonder at it. Personally, I would have had no nonsense about identification, but would have sent every fighting man his ballot-paper with the Addresses of the Candidates, and put him on his honour either to utilise it or destroy it. In the same way I would have made it known that every soldier over here, on leave or in hospital, could have obtained his voting paper without any undue formality. As it is, at least one million of our fighting men will be disfranchised. Out of a list of upwards of 7,000 Absent Voters on the South Hackney Register, even the Town Hall authorities were unable to send out more than 6,000 ballot-papers, and many of these have been returned, whilst many others will float about for weeks and will never be used. We must see that later on we get full statistics of the Soldiers' Vote; and if we find, as I fear will be the case, that it has been a comparatively small factor in the election, then it is perfectly obvious that there must be another appeal when the boys come back. In the meantime, let us be on our guard against Germany's new plot!

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Lost Memory:—In response to our suggestion that the fullest particulars of men, returned from Germany, who have lost their memories should be circulated amongst the relatives of the "missing," we have been inundated with letters expressing approval. In cases where such sufferers have no identity discs, we certainly think that they should be placed in a camp apart, and their photographs sent to enquirers. We are afraid, however, that little is being done to secure the identification of the poor fellows.

Thanks—and Starvation:—Our soldiers in France have been thanked for their services—the least recognition decently possible—but we regret to hear from quite a number of units that the splendid feeding arrangements which rendered their glorious achievements possible, have been abandoned, and short rations, badly cooked, and semi-starvation are now the order of the day. Affairs out there at the moment, so far as rations are concerned, appear to be as bad as they have been all along in most of our home camps.

Demobilisation:—The present phase is only a breather, and peace is not near. Any man released now will be in Class Z Reserve, liable to immediate recall. A big blaze up in Russia is expected and probably what is left of Germany will join in—also, quite possibly, some of the Balkan Yahoos. The official order is "stand fast" and "sit tight." In football parlance, we are now at half-time. The ball will be kicked off again in about five months. It is necessary for the boys still to stand to arms.

Official Eyewash:—The public have been asked to swallow an inspired statement to the effect that the men on the line of march in France "proceed by easy stages," and that their work is a pleasant daily tramp. As a matter of fact, even in the hilliest parts of the country sixty-pounder guns are plugged from twenty to twenty-five miles a day, and the infantry, with full packs, have to march at least ten miles. Organisation appears to have broken down, and we regret to note that the opinion of the men is that the Higher Command now evince less regard for the Army's comfort. This is a pity, as things were done so well before.

Quite Unfair:—The English Non-Commissioned Officers of the West India Regiment are being very shabbily treated. Because they have no depot in the United Kingdom they are denied the privileges granted to other soldiers as regards war pay, extra pay, and non-stoppage of allotment towards separation allowance. There are only a few thousand white men with the force, and fairplay to them would not cost the taxpayer an appreciable amount—nor, we are sure, would he grudge it in the circumstances.

Rotten!:—Some men were, under order, recently attached to the 18th London Regiment at Heacham. On reporting they were sent to "B" Company Office, and forwarded to a billet. In one case 14 men were placed in a room about 12 ft. by 7 ft. The place was not fit for use as a dog's kennel. The windows were broken and the sanitary arrangements were deplorable. While in this beautiful "home from home," the men had to buy their own food at the local shops. They cast around and ultimately found private comfortable billets for themselves. This hint may be of use to the War Office.

Ripe For It:—There is a battery of Royal Field Artillery at Biscot Camp, Luton. The gunners and others are hard worked and badly-treated, and naturally are kicking. We ask Lieut.-Col. Le Mottee to look into the matter. He may save the situation.

"JACK."

Fair Play:—The men of the mine-sweepers, mine-layers and yacht patrol have been deprived of leave and other ameliorations. Christmas is now here, and we hope that the Admiralty will do the right thing by the glorious old shellbacks, who, after all, are the mainstay of our sea service—although they are not brass-ringed and brass-bound.

The Poor Officer:—Officers in the land service are being given handsome gratuities on demobilisation—one hundred and twenty-four days' pay for the first year, and sixty-two days' for each succeeding year, or part of a year, of service. The Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve Officers are being kicked out with nothing. Why?

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

An Improvement:—We are glad to note that the Air Ministry have at last determined to get rid of the prisoners of war and other alien labourers who are keeping British men out of work at the aerodromes. It is high time that our workmen should come into their own, and we trust that this step will be copied by other departments.

Not Patriotic:—We regret to note that in some centres when ex-soldiers are sent to train in engineering shops, the members of the A.S.E. shoulder them out, threatening to down tools if they are taken on. This is not a spirit that we would expect, particularly from men who have never soldiered. We are out to see our ex-soldiers placed on their feet, if only as a matter of gratitude, and would appeal in this matter to the higher authorities of the A.S.E.

Only Another "Scrap of Paper":—Pte. Arnold served with the Bath and Somerset Dairy Co., Ltd., in Bath, for fourteen months before he went to the front and received three wounds. He was promised restoration to his job on his return, but when he applied for it he received the following letter:—"There is no suitable vacancy at present. Where young women have trained in and scored well it would not be fair to eject them. I do not see any immediate prospect of any opening." A scurvy reward.

Railway Men Wanted?:—Again, Pte. E. Wroe on his return to civil life asked the Goods Superintendent of the L. and Y. Railway Company at Oldham Road, Manchester, to take him back. His reply was:—"As you left the Company's service in October, 1914, on your own account, I am unable to take any action, and must leave you to arrange your own discharge with the Army authorities." This is not the only railway company that has refused to take back Badgers, on the score that they joined the Colours without asking permission!

Another Victim:—Pte. W. Hoggarth made a similar application to the Newton Mining and Quarries Company, Dalton-in-Furness, Lancashire, and was told that there was no work for him because he, too, volunteered to join the Army. If he had been taken in by the scruff of the neck as a conscript, the decision might have been reversed.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Repeated Misfortune:—A discharged soldier has been unlucky enough to contract pneumonia three times, and has been off work for half a year. Naturally his wife had a struggle to keep things going, as there are two delicate children, and the doctor's bill, towards the payment of which our help was asked, was a very long one.

A Mother's Anxiety:—Three young children are left to a soldier's widow. She has worked hard to supplement her pension, but had to give up when all her little ones were taken ill with the 'flu. She struggled to keep them supplied with nourishing diet, etc., but one of them died, uninsured, and the poor woman turned to us as her only friend.

Three Bills:—The wife of an ex-soldier has been driven nearly crazy by repeated demands made upon her to pay debts which accumulated during her husband's illness, he being a sufferer from heart trouble. She has parted with some of her home, and at the time of writing us she had a grocer's, baker's and doctor's bill presented to her, but could not find a penny towards their payment.

Pneumonia Again:—In this case a soldier's widow was the sufferer. During six weeks of illness many things had to be neglected, and the rent became in arrears. She was also in need of nourishment to get up her strength and enable her to return to work.

Urgent Need:—A widow, with four children, has had to remain at home from work to look after her eldest daughter, who is ill with the 'flu. This girl works and helps to keep the little ones provided with footwear, and during her illness her money is greatly missed. The children are in need of boots, and the invalid requires special diet to regain her strength.

Further Assistance Rendered:—

Invalided soldier's widow has child ill. Impossible to pay doctor's bill herself.

Child run over by a van and killed. No insurance, nor means for burial.

Discharged soldier been off work through opening of wound. Pension insufficient for wife and children.

Soldier's widow with five children; two delicate. Rent in arrears through cost of sickness.

Soldier's wife. Child dead; not insured. Father in Egypt.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

Reading Room Funds, H.M. Naval Base, Falmouth (per A.R.G.), £5; "Bushby," 2s.; S. C. (Falmouth), 2s.; "A Thankful Spiritualist," 2s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 53/2," 1s.; "In Memory of Max," £1; "A Scot," £1 10s.; W. N. S., 5s.; L. A. (Clonakilty), 2s. 6d.; Pte. A. T., 1s. 5d.; T. B., 2d.; E. J. C. (Clapham), 2s. 6d.; J. R., £1; R. G. (Bath), 2s. 6d.; C. M. (Ashford), 7s. 3d.; R. E. W. and N. C. O.'s Mess, Blenheim Barracks (per W. R.), £1; J. M. (East Ham), 5s.; "C.E.R.A.'s and R.E.A.'s, H.M.S. *Proserpine*," £1; Mrs. L. A. T. (Ramsgate), 5s.; "Officers and Men of H.M.S. *Privet*" (per G.W.A.), £3; "A Peace Offering," 5s.; H. H. (Kenley Hill), 5s.; "A Retailer," 5s.; "Boys of Hut 3, R.A.F., Netheravon" (per H.P.), 10s.; "Winchcwites," £3 1s. 2d.; Mrs. M. E. W., 5s.; "Electric," 5s.; "A Scot," 2s.; D. W. P. T., £1; R. H. H. (Newhaven), 1s.; "Ugly Mug," 2s.; "A Soldier's Wife and Children," 10s.; C. and E. S. (Morecambe), 2s. 6d.; "Result of Haircutting Fund, s.s. *Lycaon*" (per E. J. P.), £1 9s. 6d.; "Maids," 15s.; "Belvedere," 4s.; M. H. (Bedford), 5s.; L. A. G., (Croydon), 5s.; "In Mem., S. M. S.," 2s.; "Turkey Winner," 5s.; C. J. R. (Southampton), 2s. 6d.; Pte. H. B., 2d.; E. P. (Peckham), 1s.; N. D. (Orpington), 4s. 6d.; S. W. (B.E.F.), 11d.; E. M. (Peterborough), 11d.; A. P. (Sudan), 2s.; Mrs. G. S. (Wimbledon), Jan. A. P. R. (Nantes), 2s. 6d.; "A Well Wisher of John Bull," 3d.; S. L. (Wigginton), 1s.; L. S. (B.E.F.), 5s. 5d.; E. H. P., £5; "Widow, M.V.," 4s.; "An Unknown Gambler" (H.M.S. *Warrington*), 5s. 6d.; "S. Ealing Reader," 1s.; J. W. (High Wycombe), 10s.; G. B. (Felixstowe), 1s.; J. J. (Nantwich), 1s.; "A Weekly Reader," 1s.; "Tractor" (Newington Green), 1s.; C. H., 10s.; "Justice" (B.E.F.), 5 francs; F. W. (Liverpool), 1s.; C. D. (Belgium), 1s.; L./Cpl. V., 1s.; Saddler P. S. (E.E.F.), £3 5s.; A. W. (Edgbaston), 2s.; J. G. S., parcel; Anon., 6d.; Pte. W. T. D., 2s. 4d.; A. F., 1s. 10d.; "Good Luck," £1; A. S. (E. Tooting), 2s. 6d.; Mr. B. (Crowle), 4s.; A. G. D., 2s. 6d.; L. D. (Leeds), 2s. 6d.; B. M. W., 5s.; "In Memory of 2nd Lieut. Herbert Bishop Green," £1.

Sailors who have not received their Ballot Papers are still in time to Vote and should read this.

The SAILOR'S VOTE

The most careful arrangements have been made to enable every Sailor who is entitled to do so to record his Vote whether he is afloat or ashore. In some cases, however, Sailors have not yet received their Ballot Papers by reason of their having been recently transferred from one ship to another, or through their being in hospital or on leave. All such men are advised that they still have time to obtain their Ballot Papers and to record their Votes.

¶ **If you have not received your Ballot Paper, apply for it immediately as follows:—**

(If on Duty)

To your Commanding Officer. If no Ballot Paper has been received for you, write to the Registration Officer of your constituency as to its disposal.

(If in Hospital)

Official forms of application known as postcard R.P.64 have been supplied to all hospitals for the use of Naval Voters. If you have already filled up one of these postcards, but have not received your ballot paper, write again to the Registration Officer. If you have not filled up one of these postcards (R.P.64) your ballot paper should have been forwarded to your ship, etc., and you should write to your Commanding Officer for it to be sent on.

(If on Leave)

You should visit or write to the Registration Officer of your Constituency as to the disposal of your ballot paper. If you find it has been despatched to your ship, you should write for it to be sent on to you, unless you are rejoining your ship in time to complete it on board and return it to the Returning Officer by 10 a.m. on the 28th December.

N.B.—If in doubt as to the course to take, write to the Registration Officer of your Constituency, giving your home address which qualifies you for the vote.

¶ **In all applications** state clearly your

Name in full.
Rating.
Official Number.
Ship or Establishment in which serving.
Address in full to which Ballot Paper is to be sent.

CLAIM YOUR VOTE up to the LAST MOMENT

REMEMBER! So long as your marked Ballot Paper and Identity Certificate reach the Returning Officer, even if handed in personally, by 10 a.m. (except in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the Parliamentary Counties of Devon and Cornwall, in regard to which the hour is 12 noon), on Saturday, 28th December, it will be included in the Count.

THE LONG WAIT.

A SHORT STORY.

The raucous voices of a small band of Salvationists smote upon his ear as, precisely at half-past twelve on Christmas-day, pip-emma, he turned the corner and hurried furtively towards the obscure private bar which he, carefully disguised, had lately used.

"I'll have another," he announced, shortly afterwards.

"I'm not so sure," retorted the girl. "There's other customers to come."

A look of utter dejection deranged the man's features. The girl's heart was moved.

"Well, just *one* more," she said lightly, "then, if you want anything more, you'll have to have something else. Taking it for 'flu?"

"No—appetite," replied the man gloomily.

"I see," laughed the girl. "Celebrating last night, I suppose, and want to make a show of eating before the missus. You men!"

The man passed his hand wearily across his forehead.

"You're wrong," he said. "I wish it were no more than that."

"Sorry if I've said anything that don't suit," returned the girl contritely.

Vouchsafing no explanation, the man drained his glass, and gave her a muttered "Good day."

Choosing the least frequented route, he made his way homeward, doffing his disguise piecemeal as he went.

The mingled savour of roast eef, turkey, sausages, boiled greens, Christmas pudding, gas-stove and burning fat made a violent assault upon his olfactory nerves as he entered.

"Just in time!" cried his wife from the dining-room. "Hurry up, dear! The children are as hungry as hunters."

With the look of one going to instant execution, the man took his seat at the head of the table and proceeded to carve the beef.

"You've forgotten yourself, dear," said his wife playfully.

"Wish I could," he snapped.

"But surely you're going to eat *something?*" pleaded the mother of his children.

"P raps—p'raps not. Anyhow, no beef."

His hungry brood got on with it, while he sat in silent misery, twiddling his thumbs.

"You should have had an aperitif when you were out," murmured the wife.

"I did," retorted the unhappy man.

"Wait till you see the turkey," she said.

"Thanks, I'd rather not," was the response. "But I suppose I must. Damn rot——Christmas dinners."

He carved—and cursed—the turkey. He spooned—and spurned—the pudding. Nothing, from first to last, passed his lips.

"A Barmecide feast," he murmured to his wife, with a wry smile.

"There certainly *did* seem something barmy about it," retorted the wife. "After all the trouble I took, too."

She threw herself upon the Chesterfield and burst into a passion of tears.

"What a-foo—fool I was," she sobbed, "ever to have ma-married you. But in my young and innocent eyes you—you seemed so different then. How—how was I to know you wou-would become a pacifist M.P. who wou-would lose your appetite on Christmas Day si-simply because you're afraid your constituency may have turned you out and you won't know till the 28th? Oh, why didn't I marry a *man?*"

With dumb pain in his eyes the pacifist ex-M.P. let the storm flow over his head.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"ANSWERS":—

"Our Weekly Poser: The answer to last week's Problem is that the square was a FIVE-SIDED one. . . ."

"GLOBE"—

"Witness denied that a greyhound was no good for CURSING after it was three or four years old."

"DAILY RECORD AND MAIL" (Glasgow):—

"Draughts champions. Thirty-one years of age, Mr Banks has already EATEN Messrs. Z. Jordan and Hugh Henderson Stewart."

"EGYPTIAN MAIL":—

"The Tewfikia School will play its annual friendly match with the Old Boys on Tuesday afternoon, on the SCHOOL DINING HALL."

"EASTBOURNE GAZETTE" (Advertisement):—

"Wanted, trustworthy capable General Servant, two in family: boy kept for WAGES and LIBERAL OUTINGS."

"SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT" (Information Bureau):—

"You are NOT entitled to pension from date that separation allowance ceased. We cannot understand why it has NOT been framed."

"BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE":—

"An extended report will appear in our next ELECTION."

"HOME MAGAZINE" (Recipe):—

". . . Pour into a large basin and HEAT until nearly COLD . . ."

"TIT-BITS":—

"This skirt is cut on straight lines, the HEM measuring a few inches over TWO YARDS, so that it is quite easy for walking."

DON'T RISK **WINTER COLDS-Use MILTON**

ONE of the great advantages of MILTON, and one peculiar to itself, is that although it is so wonderfully efficient in destroying germs, bacteria, and offensive smells, it is so absolutely innocuous that it can be applied for personal use without the slightest risk.

For instance, there is nothing equal to MILTON for relieving or preventing a cold in the head, catarrh and influenza.

MILTON

in proportion of half a teaspoonful to a tumbler of tepid water, used three times a day (snuffed up the nose or used with an ordinary spray, and as a mouth-wash), will be found to work like a charm.

Get a 1/3 or 2/6 bottle of MILTON from your dealer to-day. It contains a booklet of fifty-nine practical household recipes. Nos. 1 to 12 give full directions for the relief and prevention of Winter ailments—such as Influenza, Chilblains, Catarrh.

DON'T SNEEZE.

Use Milton at once according to directions and you will be surprised how quickly the symptoms of a coming cold will vanish.

Milton is sold in

1/3 and 2/6 Bottles.

To be obtained from all Dealers.

MILTON is priceless as a gargle for a sore throat and as a mouth-wash and dentifrice.

Milton Manufacturing Co., Ltd., 125, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1, and 64, Wellington Street, Glasgow.

COMPANY MEETINGS.

IND, COOPE & CO. (1912).

Presiding on December 16th at the sixth ordinary general meeting of Ind, Coope and Co. (1912), Ltd., Mr. Louis H. Walker (chairman and managing director) said that when the company's record from its inception in 1912 was considered, it would be realised that remarkable progress, highly satisfactory to the shareholders, had been made. They must not, however, anticipate a continuance of profits at the present rate, as those profits had been largely obtained under abnormal and artificial conditions, which could not continue on the same lines. Since the last annual meeting the beer duty had been doubled, and was now 50s. per standard barrel, against 7s. 9d. in pre-war days. Wages and the cost of materials had increased by over 100 per cent. In respect of beer brewed in the year under review, the company had paid no less than £365,062 for beer duty and brewers' licence. The board had started a general reserve fund with £25,000. It would be agreed that a business of this nature should build up large reserves. The board recommended a dividend of 7½ per cent., which was the highest rate the shareholders could receive in view of the contingent right certificates. Special reserve was increased by £100,000, which the board was satisfied was necessary, to appropriate in this way until certain liabilities had been ascertained and defined. The board had put aside a considerable sum towards the redemption of Debenture stock. It would strengthen the position of stockholders and shareholders, and it was their wish to increase this reserve yearly if profits permitted. The trading profit, £370,413, showed a very considerable increase. The year's trading had not been less difficult than that of earlier war years, as the trade was still under stringent restriction and regulation. He felt safe in saying that the business was now on sound lines, and with reasonable opportunity and no further State interference there was no reason to take too pessimistic a view of the future.

Later in the proceedings the chairman said that the judge had that day given his blessing to a scheme for extinguishing contingent rights certificates by paying an equivalent amount in cash by two instalments, half within a month of obtaining the sanction of the Court, and the balance a year later, with interest at 5 per cent. on the second half as from October 1, 1918, or, alternatively, to issue one Ordinary share for each £1 certificate carrying dividend as from October 1, 1918, the certificate holders having liberty to take all or any part in cash or shares in multiples of £1. The judge had directed the summoning of a meeting of potential certificate holders to consider the proposal.

A dividend of 7½ per cent. was declared.

LONDON-AMERICAN MARITIME TRADING CO.

Earl Wemyss, presiding on December 19 at the meeting of the London-American Maritime Trading Co., Ltd., held at the Great Eastern Hotel, E.C., said they met under widely different circumstances to what they did last year. The Government had promised to release ships as quickly as they could. They were relying upon that promise, and he was told that as an earnest of the Government bona-fides they had recently released all tankers.

Referring to the directors' report, he expressed approval of the cancelling of the agreement with the Rio de Janeiro Light and Power Company for a time charter, which, he said, had been a disadvantageous one. Next, with regard to the debentures, they had placed with the trustee for the debenture holders a sufficient sum to pay off the balance of the debentures, which would accordingly be redeemed at the next drawing in April. As regarded the position of the reserves, it would be seen that the reserve of £20,000 had disappeared, having gone in part settlement of the arrangement with the Rio de Janeiro Light and Power Company. The reserve for contingencies was £64,083, which would meet any possible claim for excess profits duty. The special reserve remained at £89,037. It would be seen from the report that there was a trading profit of £41,875 as compared with £21,019. They were paying the preference dividend in full, and 10 per cent. on the ordinary shares. He hoped the shareholders would consider this satisfactory under the circumstances. There had been a practically uniform reduction in the dividends paid by other shipping companies, and indeed it would have been strange if it was not so, considering that they had taxation increasing, upkeep of ships increasing, and almost every item of expense increasing, and finally the excess profits duty, which was particularly hard on a company like that. They had purchased the Thompson Steam Shipping Company on the same terms as they purchased the Leander Company, which had been of such inestimable benefit to the shareholders, and he wished to point out the position they would have been in if they had so done so.

The
Daily Express
The Paper
that gets
the "Scoops."

To
Football Enthusiasts
You can't see all the matches at Xmastide but you can read the vivid and full accounts of them all in the—
Athletic News
BRITAIN'S MOST COMPREHENSIVE SPORTS PAPER
Every Monday 1d.

30 YEARS OF AGONY CURED BY CURICONES
WONDERFUL SUCCESS OF THIS NEW HOME CURE.
Inventor Generously Gives Away Books and Trial Packages Free to All Sufferers
"CURICONES"—the remarkable discovery of a London Manufacturing Chemist—contain an entirely new combination of medicines approved of by the British Pharmaceutical Authorities and the French Medical Council. They are giving such successful results in expelling Uric Acid from the human organism that anyone suffering from any form of Gouty or Rheumatic trouble should write for "The Story of a Rheumatic Cure." This book tells how such painful and chronic ailments as
SCIATICA, NEURITIS, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO and GOUT
can easily be cured at home by means of this new scientific combination. With every book a free trial package will be given, so enabling all sufferers to give Curicones a free test. There is no need now to suffer, or walk about like a cripple. Send for them and cure yourself like Mrs. Watt did: "I have great pleasure in informing you that after 30 years of agony I am quite free from pain. I now seem altogether in a new world and cannot praise your Curicones enough. I tell all my friends what they have done for me, and have given away the empty bottles to sufferers for your address, hoping they may try them and so get the same benefit I have got."

Can you doubt the efficacy of this new and simple home cure after such evidence as this? Just imagine yourself cured as this lady was—no more pain, stiffness or swellings, and able to enjoy life once more. They not merely relieve the pain but eradicate its very cause, pleasantly and surely.
300 DOCTORS AND MANY RED CROSS HOSPITALS
have sanctioned Curicones—in our opinion one of the greatest distinctions in the annals of medicine. The proof of the value of Curicones is the great reputation they have already gained and the numberless cures they have effected. If you are a sufferer don't hesitate—get cured. You can do so if you wish with such a remedy as Curicones at hand. Try them and see. They hold a unique position in the world of medicine.
FREE. Send no money. Just forward your name, address and ailment to Stephen Matthews & Co., (Dept. D 71), 19 21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4., and you will receive one of the most valuable little books ever issued, and the trial package mentioned above.

CHILBLAINS
POSITIVELY CURED.
GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT DRAWS OUT THE ITCHING PAIN AND INFLAMMATION WITH AN EFFECTIVENESS UNEQUALLED BY ANY OTHER PREPARATION.
Do not poultice your chilblains. **Grasshopper Ointment** draws out the inflammation as easily as a sponge absorbs water. Just try a box and see if it does not do so in your case. **Grasshopper** is as harmless as it is beneficial. It contains absolutely no injurious substances. May be had from Boots, Timothy White's, Taylor's Drug Co., and all Chemists and Stores, at 1/3 a box, or direct, post free, from Albert & Co. 73, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

C. E. W. (Liverpool) and MANY OTHER SOLDIERS.—Sorry you were "diddled out of your vote." Please consider us your M.P. in any case.

Miss B. M. (Bolton).—"Who will manufacture the rope for hanging the Kaiser?" We believe the present intention is to twist his moustache round his neck.

P. T. (Winnington).—Don't be afraid we shall lose sight of the interests of discharged war-workers. We're not built that way.

A. G. E. H. (Warminster).—Fancy likening us to "the Ghost of Napoleon." Is it the cut of our waist-line, or our manly brow?

"NEAR MONS" (B.E.F.).—"Do please try to knock some reason into the idiots who pamper and pet the Huns." It is hard work, but we are still trying.

"GOOD OLD CONSTANT READER" (S. Bush).—Change the name of Hanover Square to Horatio Square? Well, he always is.

"GUNNER" (Grove Park).—"With ration and boarding allowance Victory Leave amounts to the grand total of 2s. 1d. a day." And yet one paper described it as "Peace and Plenty."

MRS. W. K.—"I have a little nephew and he's the living image of you." Better not mention it to his father.

S. P. G. (Willesden).—It is notorious that we treat the German prisoners in this country too generously. Hope you are quite recovered from your sojourn in Hunland.

"LE GRAND".—"You are Britain's greatest asset." First time we meet we will liquidate.

FULA MACH (Craigendoran).—"Why, oh why don't you stand for Parliament?" Strange, but we have an impression that we *have* been doing something of the sort quite recently.

"AN UGLY DUCKLING" (Hackney):—Although we deem beauty shows childish affairs, we cannot see our way to organise an ugly competition. If the population of Hackney are a fair sample, we should say there would not be enough entrants.

"MAC" (Glasgow).—A "state of war" continues until the Peace Treaty is actually signed, but it may be said that the war actually ends when hostilities cease. It is a fine point for lawyers—and we are not a lawyer, although we *have* been accused of being one.

"NAPOO" (Bacup).—Quite right. Our return to Parliament will mean "woe for the German aliens and Napoo to all German trade." Glad to be backed up by some one at Bacup.

"WELL-WISHER" (Sherbourne).—Sorry but we don't remember *Mrs.* Pecksniff. Probably it was just a week-end affair.

J. T. H. (Sheerness).—"It is a rotten shame that Dutchmen who were helping Germans to lay mines in 1914-15 should now be allowed to fish in British waters and earn bags of money." It is a sickening scandal.

T. W. P. A. (Walsall).—Thanks for telling us "what mother said," but she shouldn't have used a naughty word. However, we'll forgive her.

V. T. (W.).—"When I take the gentleman his breakfast he never says thank you." Cook him a couple of bad eggs and see what he says then.

"UNCERTAIN" (H.M.S. *Courageous*).—"In which year did the Dublin riots take place?" We might ask, which riots? But we guess you refer to Easter, 1916.

J. T. (Sidcup).—From title page of book: "Little Path to Heaven. Manual Containing all the Usual Prayers. Bound in Germany." Anybody taking a little path to Heaven, bound in Germany, has got a long way to go.

"SAPPER, R.E." (Camberwell).—"JOHN BULL, as a thing of sheer comedy and joy, rivals *Punch*." That is very severe.

"AN OLD READER" (Ferryhill).—If the pub. in your village has the neck to charge 1s. 3d. for a glass of rum, you should have the backbone to try elsewhere.

"DONALD" (N.B.).—Your long and windy dream about H.M.S. *Hampshire* received. Pity you don't sleep better.

J. M. (Leeds).—There will be a slump in hand-lamp batteries. The makers have had a good run for our money.

J. L. W. (Neath).—"Ring out the bugle call, Far on the ocean wall——." To call the ocean a wall is, in our view, an excess of poetic licence.

PTE. A. H. B. (X.O.A. Train, B.E.F.).—"I walk seven kilometres to get JOHN BULL, and pay 4½d. for it; but it's worth the money." The best of all New Years to you!

"A." (Smethwick).—"I see you are commenting on our Poet Laurette." We didn't call him that, exactly, but it strikes us as being a first-class name for him.

"A WELL WISHER" (Portland).—Hearty thanks for your valuable gift of Surgical Aid letters, which we will use with our customary discretion.

F. J. K. (Bath).—It would have been illegal for a soldier to go to a meeting "arrayed in the trappings of his sister." Besides, ten to one the trappings wouldn't fit.

G. M. F. (Torquay).—How can we publish your letter and "not mention no particulars"? Nice juicy yarn that would make, wouldn't it?

"EX-SOLDIER" (Midlothian).—The butler who drank 17 bottles of his employer's whisky must have made himself awfully wet inside, but perhaps he washed it down with dry champagne.

COLONEL S. G. (Bangalore).—"No news from home is more welcome than a copy of JOHN BULL." We bow our acknowledgments. Most journals have to pay for advertisements like that.

"ONLY SEVENTY" (Cambridge).—"Are you the Man?" Not if you're a policeman.

W. W. (Torquay).—"Both my servants had 'flu. I cured them with 1887 port." Any vacancies in your household?

NURSE D. (Fareham).—If the boys in your ward have asked you about pit ponies and one-man-hands, they were indulging in the naughty amusement of pulling your leg.

"BERKS."—Men in Windsor Great Park have had their wages reduced by 5s. weekly. When we mentioned these men's low pay before, it was at once raised. Perhaps this will happen again.

H. N. McL. (Russell Square).—"Not to class, Not to mass, Not to a hidden string, But to a soul high-flung My vote shall power bring." Now tell us what you mean by not voting for a string, but to bring power to a high-flung soul. A bit loopy, eh?

"WELSHMAN" (Penarth).—The two Penarth men found guilty of supplying food to German prisoners ought to have got six months, instead of being fined £5 each.

M. C. (Watford, aged 13).—"Postman, postman, haste away, To JOHN BULL'S office without delay; An Editor there you'll surely find, One that's generous, true, and kind." Quite so. Take a nice mincepie.

A. P. (London, W.).—The competition for the £100 prize offered for the best idea for a new cover for this journal will close on December 31st.

W. H. (Smethwick).—Like you, we are entirely in favour of "free access to a drink of beer." That's one reason why we don't wear a moustache.

CPL. R. (Waterloo).—Sorry your landlord "drove you nearly potty" during your leave by doing nothing but singing our praises. But it was a sweet song.

A. E. A. (Moss Side).—Can't be bothered just now about spiritualism. What is worrying us at the moment is the atrocious shortage of spirits.

"LITTLE READER" (Scarborough).—Thanks for your nice letter, dearie. We picture you a bright little girl with a curl in the middle of your forehead.

S. B. C. (Leighton Buzzard).—You seem to imagine you have caught us bending, but we feel no discomfort at the point of contact. Try again.

K. C. (Coventry).—To insult you Irish girls who have done your bit because some of the men in Ireland have done less than their share, is neither fair nor reasonable, but some folks can be taught neither sense nor manners.

B. R. (Edmonton).—"I must wind up, or shall keep on for ever." Strange you should stop after winding up!

"TOMMY" (Chatham).—From *Daily Mail* report of German Fleet's surrender: ". . . . For luncheon and dinner the Germans ate *aloe* in the quarters of the Captain of the Fleet." Must have been a bitter aloe.

E. M. S. (Cheltenham).—"*Re* scarcity of 2 ounce jam rations, blame anybody you like except the grocer." Right oh! We'll blame the vegetable-marrow merchant.

A. B. (Blue Mountains).—From the *Sydney Sun*: "Wanted, 25 bald-headed men to act as perambulating signs, willing to have the words 'Jack's Day' burnt in on the backs of their heads." A burning shame.

"BELLMAN" (Saltburn).—Glad to hear that since our Candid Comm. "everything seems better" at the Red Cross Hospital.

R. P. (St. Neots).—As to munition girls going to draw their "£1 pension money" in expensive fur coats, we have not seen them on the way to the cash box.

"A CONVALESCENT TOMMY" (Catterick).—You will have seen the announcement of special aid to resume studies for all who relinquished them to join up. As you were at a training college for headmastership, you come in it.

"CYCLONE" (Selston).—"The quickest class of trade that can be learned by a youth?" Selling copies of JOHN BULL on publishing day.

M. L. (Brockenhurst).—Letter received with thanks. We shall be grateful for the promised subscription to our fund.

R. D. (Earls Court).—You have certainly done splendid work, but we wouldn't like to mention your name for fear people would stare at you in the streets.

N. O. (H.M.S. *Indomitable*).—We were much amused by our contemporary's blunder. Looks as though the office-boy had taken charge while the editor went out for a gargle.

"SERGEANT" (Colchester).—Sorry you are dissatisfied with your hospital treatment. Don't they tuck you up nicely or does the roof leak?

Miss S. C. (Southampton).—Glad you admit your poem was original. People who own up very often get off lighter at the finish.

B. B. (Bloomsbury).—Allow us to acknowledge your illiterative argument apropos of an assertion to which you are not able to assent.

PRIVATE R. (Sunderland).—The colours of the rival Parties vary in different constituencies, but where they are blue and buff, the former is the Conservative and the latter the Liberal shade. Naughty boy to bet, though.

STAFF-SERGT. (Egyptian Expeditionary Force).—Glad you can confirm our statements. Not necessary, but nice.

L. F. (Doncaster).—"The Kaiser and his hosts Thought the world they would rule, And to think that dam nonsense They must have had the brains of a mule." Being only ten years old, you must not put in such naughty words.

P. G. S. (Windsor).—The British Royal Family have assumed the surname of Windsor. Hope you have no objection.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

HAD YOUR XMAS GIFT?

READERS ARE REMINDED THAT

THE "JOHN BULL" PEN GIFT COUPON

(VALUE ONE SHILLING)

Which appeared in our issues of November 16th and 30th and December 21st.

IS AVAILABLE TO 8th JANUARY ONLY

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *(Dec. 28th, 1918.)*

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

G. R.

Ministry of Labour.

DEMOBILISATION OF THE FORCES.

If you want workers

of any kind, male or female, get into touch with the nearest Employment Exchange. Let them know your wants some time ahead, if you can, and do not forget your duty to the disabled men.

If you want work

go to the nearest Employment Exchange and tell them what you want. They will help you and, if they cannot give you a job and you come within the Government scheme, you will get your Unemployment Donation.

Employment Exchange Managers are anxious to do their best for you, but they cannot do anything unless you tell them what you want.

Issued by the Demobilisation and Resettlement Department, 8, Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, S.W. 1.

Your Last Chance!

'BULLETS' NEW YEAR PRIZES

1ST PRIZE £500 1ST PRIZE

2ND Prize £50

3RD PRIZE £10

20 PRIZES OF £2-10

50 PRIZES OF 10/-

400 PRIZES OF 5/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

7,000 'TARGET PRIZES'

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with **ANY** letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you. Example:—Soon Forgotten. Bullet:—Tommy By Pensions Minister. Example:—Taking It Easy. Bullet:—Munition Workers Now. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated January 18th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 314.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS	HAPPY NEW YEAR	WHAT BOTTOMLEY WILL DO	LLOYD GEORGE'S RESOLUTION
WHEN HAIG RETURNS	AFTER THE ELECTION	THE GERMANS	MANY HAPPY RETURNS
OCCUPYING GERMANY	CONQUERING HEROES	WHEN PARLIAMENT MEETS	VERY DOUBTFUL
VERY NICE TO	PRINCIPAL BOY	THE NEXT PRIME MINISTER	A MUG'S GAME
WELL-FILLED STOCKING	MOTHER'S WORK	MAN OF BUSINESS	UNDER THE MISTLETOE
SOON FORGOTTEN	WHEN FATHER RETURNS	IN THE FUTURE	A WISE MAID
A FAIR DECEIVER	GOING CHEAP	CHRISTMAS BEER	WITHOUT TOMMY
TAKING IT EASY	NEW MEMBERS	NO THANKS	WHAT KAISER FEARS

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 2nd

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(314) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 2nd

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(314) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 314, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write Competition in top left-hand corner of the envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 2nd

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(314) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 2nd

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(314) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of 312th "Bullets" Competition.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. JOHN ROWLAND, 51, Orchard Road, Southsea.

Example:—Fruits Of Victory.
Bullet:—Democracy Will "Live On."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. F. A. WILLIS, 4-5, Park Terrace, Farnborough, Hants.

Example:—The Next Government.
Bullet:—Hope It "Works."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. C. TEMPLEMAN, 318, Victoria Park Road, Leicester.

Example:—How To Spend Christmas.
Bullet:—Sweethearts "Put Heads Together."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. C. Fletcher, 94, Asbridge Street, Lodge Lane, Liverpool:
We All Want—More Than "Government Promises."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. S. E. Hicks, 48, Boundary Rd., Hove:
Fruits Of Victory—The Whole World "Secure."

Mr. R. Hawkey, 2, Myrtle Villas, Lydd, Kent:
The Bolshevists—"Much Divided" Among Themselves.

Mr. G. M. Nichol, 19, Wyneham Road, Herne Hill, S.E.:
The Next Government—Gramophones Or Statesmen—Which?

Miss M. Gaskin, 61 Sankey Street, Warrington:
The Kaiser—Handled Scriptures Like Treaties.

Mrs. Fitzgerald, "Sandbank," Ings Road, Hull:
The Kaiser—Comment "Is Superfluous."

Mr. John S. Hughes, c.o. Phillipson and Golder, Booksellers, Chester:
Lloyd George—Laboured Always For "Majority."

Mr. John Strong, c.o. 149, Longland Street, Bradford, Yorks:
A Sorry Figure—Fiver—For Saving Europe.

Mr. Percy Franks, Opera House, Jersey
After The War—"Unfits" Make Wonderful Recovery.

Sgt. H. R. Prudhomme, County Buildings, Ely, Cambs.:
What Britain Thinks—Foes Learn "To Regret."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. C. Hale, 6, Millais Road, Leytonstone, E.:
Fruits Of Victory—"Stalls" And "Boxes" Full.

Miss L. Gaskell, Ack Lane, Bramhall, Cheshire:
No Doubt About It—Tradesmen "Coming Round" Again.

Mr. S. Jackson, 12, Studley Ave., Hull:
Shut Up—Sanatoriums, If Slums Were.

Mr. J. Herbert, Wilson's Brewery, Newton Heath, Manchester:
Paying Indemnity—Coining Phrases Won't Help.

Mr. J. Gibbs, Pilcorn St., Wedmore, Som.:
No Doubt About It—"Great Sacrifice" Seldom Advertised.

Mr. E. M. Hester, 206, Main St., Sidcup, S.E.:
King Albert—"Bantam" That Beat "Heavyweight."

Mr. A. McAinsh, 7, Tankerville Road, Streatham Common, S.W.6.:
Bottomley's Ambition—Moulding Opinion—Framing Laws.

Mrs. A. Teshlett, 339, Aston Lane, Perry Barr, Birmingham:
Tommy's Welcome—"Well Done!"—By Profiteers.

Cpl. H. Godfrey, A.P.C., 382, Abbey Foregate, Shrewsbury:
A Bad Egg—Often Amongst "Best Class."

Mr. H. Holt, 12, Tufnell Park Road, London:
No Doubt About It—Cut Claws Grow Again.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prizes can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

I will teach YOU to play brilliantly

without Drudgery, Failure or Failure. MY PIANO COMBINATION LESSONS are so new, interesting, and entirely different that in a few months you will play with spirit and feeling, from ordinary music, Songs, Dances, Marches, Hymns, and above all many of the Immortal Gems of the great Masters. I guarantee success to any average person. Beginners need not fear a note to start. Send to-day for my illustrating little book: "HOME, MUSIC AND KEYBOARD," and see what many hundreds, of all ages and stages, say my System has done for them, and judge for yourself what it can do for you.

A postcard with your full address (Mrs., Miss or Mr.) and the word Moderate, Elementary or the simpler, will bring my book and a form for free advice and opinion by return.

Mr. H. BECKER, 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

VITADATIO

RATIONED.

Owing to difficulties of obtaining shipping facilities from Australasia for the supply of the present Herb Harvest, the manufactured supplies of this

GREAT AUSTRALIAN REMEDY

MUST BE REGULATED.

The present ADVERTISED SELLING PRICES, namely, 1/3 2/6 & 5/- per bottle—from Boot's, Taylor's and most Chemists and Stores, or post free from the VITADATIO AGENCY, LTD., 13, Park Square, Leeds—

WILL REMAIN THE SAME

REGULATE YOUR ORDERS.

The "Turning Point" in your Lighting

comes when you instal

MAZDA

DRAWN WIRE

Electric Lamps

It means turning from waste to economy. From poor light to real brilliancy.

Obtainable from all Electrical Contractors, Ironmongers and Stores.

The British Thomson Houston Co., Ltd., 77, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.

EVERY SOLDIER SHOULD READ THIS.

The Soldier's Vote

The most careful arrangements have been made whereby every Soldier who is entitled to do so may record his vote, whether he be at Home or in France; and these arrangements have been fully explained in the Press and elsewhere.

The following announcement is for the benefit of men who through having been transferred, or detached from their Units, or through having been sent to Dispersal Stations for Demobilisation, or from any other unforeseen cause, have not yet received their Ballot Papers.

¶ **If you have not got your Ballot Paper** and have recently left or been detached from your Unit, **apply for it** (if you have not already done so) to:—

(*a*) Your last Commanding Officer, or
(*b*) The Officer in Charge of the last Hospital in which you were a Patient, or
(*c*) The Officer Commanding any other Unit or Hospital where you may consider your Ballot Paper may have been sent.

N.B.—If in doubt, write to your last Commanding Officer, and visit or write to the Registration Officer of your Constituency. In the latter case, the home address which qualifies you for the vote should be stated.

¶ **Official Forms of Application** known as **Postcard W. 5052,** are supplied for this purpose, and may be obtained of Officers Commanding:—

(i) Any Draft Finding Unit
(ii) Command Depots
(iii) Officer Cadet Units.
(iv) O.T.C. Units.
(v) Cadet Reception Battalions and Cadet Reception Brigade R.F.A.
(vi) Transfer Centres
(vii) Discharge Centres
(viii) Dispersal Stations.

¶ **If a man is unable to obtain the Official Postcard** he may, if he prefers, use, instead of Postcard W. 5052, an **ordinary postcard or a letter.**

¶ **In all applications** state clearly your

Regimental Number
Rank
Name in full
Unit
Corps
Address in full to which Ballot Paper is to be sent

CLAIM YOUR VOTE UP to the LAST MOMENT.

***REMEMBER!** So long as your marked Ballot Paper and Identity Certificate reach the Returning Officer, even if handed in personally, by 10 a.m. (except in Scotland, Ireland, Wales and the Parliamentary Counties of Devon and Cornwall, in regard to which the hour is 12 noon) on Saturday, 28th December, it will be included in the Count.*

"ERASMIC" Shaving Stick.

Gives a full rich lather.
Softens the stiffest beard.
Ensures a clean shave.

DOES NOT DRY ON THE FACE.

PARIS. ERASMIC Perfumers. 13a New Bond St LONDON, W. MOSCOW.

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—Mechanical	—Book-keeping
—Draughtsmanship	—Salesmanship
—Electrical	—Advertising
—Building	—Private Secretary
—Marine	—Textiles
—Motors	—Languages
—Steam	—Shorthand Typewriting
—Boiler	—Window Dressing
—Agriculture	—Furniture
—Poultry Farming	—Fruit Farming
—Civil Engineering	—Gardens for Pleasure

NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above list, write it here.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

The "BLANCO" Tradition.

For more than a quarter of a century the old British Army "Blanco" (khaki shade and colour) has established itself like the other [illegible] uniform in the field. Always of to-day, and it holds because "Blanco" is still the most efficient article for its purpose.

In these Khaki-days

"BLANCO"

is made in 6 kinds.

"WHITE-BLANCO"—a special preparation for cleaning all white equipment.

"BRAZIL-BLANCO"—for cleaning that coloured Spats, Shoes, Buckskin Belts, etc. May also be used for white equipment.

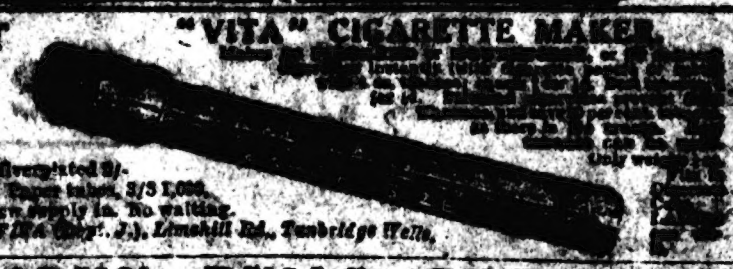
"BLANCO" (the original kind) for cleaning all White equipment.

FAIR OPTION APPROVAL.

Made by the manufacturers of JOHNSON'S POLISHING [illegible] and Sold by Stores, Ltd., Burton Road, [illegible]

BEST GIFT for the TROOPS.

"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER



Prices: Nickel 1/6, Silver-plated 2/-, Silver, Gilt, 5/-. Spare tubes, 3/3 1,000. 1/9 500. Post free. Keep supply in. No waiting.

KNIGHT'S "VITA" Depot. J.), Limehill Rd., Tunbridge Wells.

GETTING MARRIED.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President: Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents: The Most Rev. [illegible], the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E. General Secretary, Mr. H. G. Gotto, O.B.E.

It is an intolerable crime to infect an innocent girl with Venereal Disease. No German iniquity is more dastardly than this. Those who, at any time of their lives, have suffered from Venereal Disease, are bound in honour to consult a doctor and be certified free from infection before they marry. Otherwise, the trusting bride at the altar may become a victim to terrible disease, and the trouble does not end even then. There may be children. The children may be born dead or become blind—innocent babes upon whom the sins of the fathers are literally visited in the most awful manner.

No sufferer should delay. Let him or her do the straight thing—see the doctor, and refrain from marriage until a clean bill of health is given. Then the marriage may safely take place.

Free treatment, under conditions of secrecy, is provided by the Government in most centres. Apply at the out-patients' department of the nearest hospital, or to the local Medical Officer of Health.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write, in confidence, for information and free literature to N.C.C.V.D., 31, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, marking your envelope "Medical."

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in John Bull, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* John Bull, *Advertisement Department, 31, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

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